THOUGHT

POISON IN THE HUMAN

Dr Venkata Rao Potluru

INTRODUCTION

Thought has shaped the world we live in.
It has built cities, written scriptures, launched rockets, split atoms, discovered mathematics, and created the marvellous technologies that connect the entire planet in a pulse of information.
Thought is responsible for surgery and poetry, for music and machines, for the ordering of society and the functioning of daily life.

In the technical, scientific, and practical fields, thought is essential. Without it, we cannot drive a car, operate a computer, build a home, or even speak a language.

But in the psychological world, thought becomes destructive.

It becomes fear.
It becomes desire.
It becomes ambition, jealousy, sorrow, anger, comparison.
It creates the "me"—the centre that separates itself from the whole of life.
And this centre, this constructed "me," becomes the source of endless conflict within and without.

This book is an exploration of that movement.
Not intellectually,
not as an academic analysis,
but as a direct perception of what thought actually is—
how it arises,
how it functions,
how it builds the self,
and how that very self is the root of human suffering.

Thought has placed mankind on the moon,
but thought has also divided humanity into nations, religions, races, classes, castes, and ideologies.

It has created war as surely as it has created medicine.
Wherever thought seeks security psychologically, it breeds fear.
Wherever it seeks identity psychologically, it breeds division.
Wherever it seeks continuity psychologically, it breeds conflict.

The “me” born of thought is always struggling:

to become,
to achieve,
to protect,
to dominate,
to continue,
to control.

As long as this centre exists, there cannot be peace within oneself, and therefore, there cannot be peace in the world.

This book is an invitation to observe thought—not to control it, suppress it, improve it, or escape from it. All such attempts are still the movement of thought.

Rather, we are exploring whether thought can be seen clearly, without choice, without condemnation, without justification.

Such choiceless awareness is not the product of discipline, nor the outcome of effort. It is a natural awakening of intelligence when the mind becomes aware of its own movement.

When thought is seen as thought, when illusion is seen as illusion, the seeing itself is the ending.

In that ending, the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet. Not through control, but through understanding. And in that silence, there is a quality of mind untouched by thought—innocent, sacred, boundless.

This book explores:

- how thought creates the self
- how the self becomes the centre of fear
- how comparison divides
- how psychological time is born
- how sorrow is maintained by memory
- how belief becomes conditioning
- how thought creates God in its own image
- how the ending of the "me" brings compassion
- how silence flowers when thought understands its limits
- how intelligence awakens when thought sees its own place

The chapters are not theories. They are explorations. You, the reader, are invited not to agree, not to believe, not to accept authority—but to observe your own mind directly.

For it is only in the mirror of daily relationship,
in the movement of fear and desire,
in the reactions of sorrow and anger,
that the nature of thought is revealed.

This book is not asking you to think differently.
It is asking you to see.

And in seeing, there is transformation.

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The Nature and Limits of Thought

Thought is necessary in the field of science, mathematics, technology, and daily functional living. There, thought is orderly because it deals with facts, measurements, cause and effect, and objective reality.

In that limited field, thought is an extraordinary instrument. It builds bridges, performs surgery, designs computers, writes books, calculates distances between stars. There is precision, logic, sequence.

But the very same thought, when it enters the psychological field, becomes disorder.

Why?

Because in the inner world, thought does not observe facts; it invents images.

Thought says:

- "I must become something."
- "I must be better than him."
- "I am wounded because she said this."
- "I am important, I am nobody, I am special."
- "My belief is true, yours is false."

Inwardly, thought creates billions of separate "centres," each shaped by conditioning, culture, trauma, fear, desire.

So psychological thought works in billions of different ways, each contradicting the other.

If thought were truth, its movement would be the same in all human beings.
Just like mathematics is the same everywhere, physics is the same everywhere.

But psychologically:

- one person's belief contradicts another's
- one person's identity clashes with another's
- one's desire obstructs another's desire
- one's conclusions oppose another's conclusions

This very fragmentation reveals that psychological thought has no inherent truth.

It is not universal.
It is not constant.
It is not reliable.

It changes from moment to moment, culture to culture, person to person, mood to mood.

Therefore:

The psychological self-created by thought is illusion.

Not illusion in the sense of "non-existent,"
but illusion in the sense of "something believed to be true but actually built by thought."

The "me" is a construction:

- my memories
- my wounds
- my beliefs
- my name
- my experiences

- my successes
- my failures
- my conditioning

Thought strings these together and calls it “me.”

But that “me” is not a fact like a tree or a mountain.
It is a projection, a bundle of memories, an echo of the past.

And because every human being’s psychological thought is different, the “me” of each person is different.
Therefore, humanity lives in contradiction, conflict, comparison, division.

The very multiplicity of psychological thought shows it is not truth — it is illusion.

In the functional field, thought unites.
In the psychological field, thought divides.

Whatever divides is illusion.
Whatever causes suffering is illusion.
Whatever is born of fear, comparison, ambition, and memory cannot reveal truth.

Thus:

Thought is a wonderful servant, but a dangerous master.

In the psychological world, it is illusion masquerading as truth.

When this is seen clearly — not as an idea, but as fact — the illusion begins to lose its grip.

And in the ending of illusion,
there is silence, clarity, compassion.

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The Two Orders of Thought

Thought is extraordinary in its capacity.
Thought has built airplanes, bridges, computers.
Thought has decoded the structure of DNA, invented mathematics, sent machines to Mars.
Thought, in its functional dimension, is a magnificent instrument.

In this functional or technical order, thought is precise.
If you add 2 + 2, it will always be 4.
If you mix hydrogen and oxygen in correct proportion, you get water.
If you follow the laws of aerodynamics, a plane will fly.
If you solve an equation correctly, the answer is universal and repeatable.

In science, mathematics, engineering, medicine, technology, and daily physical tasks, thought operates in a single coherent order.
This order is the same for every human being, everywhere.

• The laws of physics don't change person to person.
• A mathematical proof doesn't alter with mood or culture.
• A surgical procedure doesn't depend on belief.
• A bridge does not collapse because of someone's opinion.

In the technical realm, thought functions beautifully.
There is no confusion there.
No contradiction.
No conflict.

But the moment thought enters the psychological dimension, its nature changes completely.
It becomes chaotic, divisive, contradictory.

In the psychological field—

• thought is not universal
• thought is not consistent
• thought is not orderly
• thought is not factual
• thought is conditioned
• thought is biased
• thought is rooted in memory, fear, desire, hurt, hope

In psychological matters,
thought does not reflect truth—
it reflects conditioning.

And conditioning is different for every human being.

Therefore, psychological thought contradicts itself, collides with other thoughts, and fragments life.
This fragmentation reveals the illusory nature of psychological thought.

Functional Thought vs Psychological Thought

Let us look closely.

When you build a computer—
there is clarity, logic, cause and effect.

When you think about your neighbour,
there is prejudice, fear, comparison, opinion, memory.

One is factual.
The other is psychological.

One is rooted in universal law.
The other is rooted in personal belief.

One works for all minds.
The other works for each mind differently.

In technical action,
thought produces order.

In psychological action,
thought produces disorder.

This is the essence:

Thought is sane in the outer world

and insane in the inner world.

It is accurate outside.
It is chaotic inside.

That chaos is illusion.

Why Thought Becomes Illusion in the Psychological Field

Thought in the psychological arena is based on:

• memory
• experience
• fear
• desire

• hurt
• pleasure
• belief
• culture
• upbringing
• comparison

These are subjective, conditioned, unstable.

So psychological thought can never represent truth.
It can only represent conditioning.

For example:

Two people see the same human being.
One sees a friend.
One sees an enemy.

The fact—the human being—is the same.
But thought projects different meanings based on past memory.

Therefore, thought is creating an illusion, not seeing the fact.

Another example:

One person calls his belief "God."
Another calls it "Superstition."
Another calls it "Truth."
Another calls it "Nonsense."

The fact is unknown.
Thought gives it a thousand names.

Thus, thought spins illusions about an unknown reality.

Thought can only function within the known.
But it pretends to understand the unknown:
love, death, fear, relationship, conflict, the future, God.

This pretense is illusion.

A Billion Psychological Worlds

There are almost eight billion human beings.

In the functional world of science and technology,
all eight billion minds operate in one order.

But in psychological matters—
every mind has its own private world.

One billion different fears.
One billion different beliefs.
One billion different gods.
One billion different ideals.
One billion different hurts.
One billion different images of "me."

This fragmentation itself is the proof:

If psychological thought revealed truth,

all minds would see the same thing.

But minds do not see the same thing.
They see according to their conditioning.

Therefore, psychological thought is illusion.

Not a small illusion.
A vast, destructive, deeply entrenched illusion.

Thought Creates the "Me"—the Core Illusion

Psychological thought has created the greatest illusion of all:

the "me."

The "me" is nothing but:

• accumulated memories
• experiences
• hurt
• fear
• desire
• pleasure
• beliefs
• knowledge
• images of oneself

Thought gathers these and calls it "me."

But this "me" changes moment to moment.
It contradicts itself.
It is wounded by a word.
It is inflated by a compliment.
It is crushed by failure.

Anything that changes with a moment
cannot be real.

Anything that depends on memory
cannot be actual.

Anything that needs constant reinforcement
cannot be true.

So, the “me” is a fabrication of thought—
a psychological fiction.

And this fiction divides the world:

• my belief vs your belief
• my god vs your god
• my success vs your success
• my family vs your family
• my country vs your country

The “me” is the root of conflict.

It divides human beings
as surely as borders divide nations.

The “me,” created by thought,
is the source of human violence.

From this illusion arise:

• jealousy
• competition
• pride
• anger
• fear
• sorrow
• envy
• domination
• conflict
• war

Thought creates the “me.”

The “me” creates division.
Division creates conflict.
Conflict creates misery.

So thought is the architect of suffering.

Thought’s Illusion Can Destroy a Planet

Thought discovered nuclear fission—
a scientific miracle.

Psychological thought turned it into the atom bomb—
a device that can wipe out humanity.

Thought created technology—
magnificent.

Psychological thought created division—
deadly.

Therefore, even the greatest scientific discoveries
are threatened by psychological illusion.

And when man colonizes other planets—
he will carry the same “me,”
the same fear,
the same greed,
the same illusion.

So, he may destroy not just Earth,
but any world he touches.

The outward expansion of man

without the inward revolution
is a danger to the universe.

Why Thought Cannot End Thought

Thought tries to solve psychological problems.
But thought itself is the problem.

So, when thought tries to fix sorrow,
it only strengthens sorrow.

When thought tries to escape fear,
it deepens fear.

When thought tries to control desire,
it creates conflict.

When thought tries to become peaceful,
it creates agitation.

Therefore, thought cannot end the illusion—
because thought is the illusion.

Only awareness can end illusion.

Not control.
Not suppression.
Not analysis.
Not discipline.
Not effort.

Only choiceless awareness
of the movement of thought—
as it arises—

reveals its illusory nature.

In seeing the false as false,
the false drops away.

This is not intellectual.
It is direct perception.

When you see a rope,
you cannot see it as a snake anymore.

When you see thought as illusion,
you cannot believe it anymore.

This is the ending of psychological thought.

The Beginning of Freedom

When psychological thought ends,
the mind becomes extraordinarily silent.

Not forced silence.
Not disciplined silence.
Not meditative technique silence.

But natural, effortless, alert quietness.

In that silence,
there is compassion.

Not the compassion of charity,
but the compassion that comes
when the “me” is absent.

Where the “me” is absent,

the heart is awake.

And in this awakening,
there is peace that is not of thought.

The universe begins in such silence.
Creation flows from such silence.
Life is understood in such silence.

Only a mind free of illusion
can understand what love is.
What death is.
What freedom is.
What reality is.

This is the beginning of true life.

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Functional Thought vs. Psychological Poison

Thought has its rightful place.
It is essential in the world of technology, science, and daily function —
to build a bridge, to calculate, to diagnose, to communicate.
There, thought is skilful, efficient, necessary.

But the same thought becomes poison
when it moves into the psychological field.

For it is thought that has invented the "me" —
the center of fears, ambitions, wounds, jealousies, beliefs.
This "me" is a fabrication of memory,
a shadow produced by thought's movement through time.

And this "me," being born of thought,
is inevitably divisive.
It separates itself from others,
from nature, from the whole of life.
In this separation lie conflict, violence, and sorrow.

Thought, in its proper place, is orderly.
But when thought becomes the master of the heart,
when thought tries to control relationships,
when thought tries to shape identity,
when thought becomes the center —
it turns into venom.

This illusion of "me"
— though unreal —
has immense power.
It can destroy a life,

corrupt a society,
fracture a world.

And if humanity carries this same illusion to other planets,
it will take its conflicts there as well.
Man may travel through the galaxies,
but he travels with his conditioning,
with his fears, his greed, his ambition.

Wherever the “me” goes,
there will be division.
And wherever there is division,
there must be conflict.

To see the movement of thought clearly —
to see where it is useful
and where it is destructive —
is the beginning of intelligence.

Intelligence is not thought.
Intelligence is the light that sees thought’s limitation
and puts it in its rightful place.

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The Double-Edged Nature of Thought

Thought is an extraordinary instrument.

With thought, man has built temples, rockets, bridges, poems, medicines, computers.
With thought, he has mapped the stars, cured diseases, split the atom, travelled to distant planets.

Thought, in the field of technology and science, is marvellous—accurate, methodical, cumulative, endlessly inventive.

In the functional world, thought is essential.

It helps you drive a car, repair a machine, understand mathematics, operate on a patient, analyse data, design a building, build a spacecraft.
In these fields, thought is precise, obedient to logic, capable of learning from past mistakes.

But what we seldom understand is that thought, with all its brilliance, has a limit.

When thought moves beyond the field of the functional
into the field of relationship, feeling, identity, fear, sorrow,
it becomes destructive.

Thought, which is a tool, begins to dominate the whole of consciousness.
And what was a tool becomes the master.
What was a servant becomes the tyrant.

This is the tragedy of the human mind.

The Venom of Thought in the Psychological World

In the psychological field—
the field of fear, desire, hurt, comparison, loneliness, ambition—
thought becomes poison.

Why?

Because thought is always old.
It is the response of memory.
It is the echo of yesterday.

When you are hurt, thought remembers it.
When you are praised, thought clings to it.
When you are frightened, thought projects the past into the future.
When you desire something, thought nourishes that desire until it becomes a chain.

Thought cannot meet the present moment,
because the present moment is new.
But thought is always old.

Therefore, thought creates division.

It divides "what is happening" from "what should be."
It divides you from others.
It divides the world into mine and yours,
my belief and your belief,
my nation and your nation,
my god and your god.

In relationship, thought says:

"I have been hurt."
"You betrayed me."
"I expect something from you."
"You should behave the way I imagine."

Thought is always measuring, comparing, judging, resisting.

It is necessary for constructing a bridge.
But it is disastrous for constructing a relationship.

It is necessary for solving a scientific problem.
But it is disastrous when it tries to solve loneliness.

It is necessary for remembering a phone number.
But it is disastrous when it remembers insults and repeats them endlessly.

Thought brings order in the external world.
It brings disorder in the inner world.

How Thought Invented the "Me"

But the most dangerous creation of thought is not technology,
not weapons,
not political systems,
not ideologies.

The most dangerous creation of thought is the "me."

Observe this carefully.

The "me"—
with all its fears, desires, ambitions, wounds, beliefs, identities—
is a fabrication of thought.

Thought says:

"This is my body."
"This is my house."
"These are my achievements."
"This is my religion."
"This is my success."
"This is my hurt."

“This is my story.”

Thought weaves a center around all this—
a center it calls “me,”
“Ego,”
“Self,”
“Individual.”

This “me” is an illusion created by memory.

The “me” is nothing but:

• past experiences
• past hurts
• past pleasures
• past conditioning
• past labels
• past beliefs
• past fears

Thought takes this bundle of memories
and gives it continuity,
calling it “me.”

This “me” is entirely psychological, not factual.

Your name is factual.
Your job is factual.
Your body is factual.

But the “me” who says:

“I must become important,”
“I must not fail,”
“I must be recognized,”

“I am superior,”
“I am inferior,”
“I am spiritual,”
“I am wounded,”

—this “me” is a projection of thought.

Thought created it.
Thought maintains it.
Thought defends it.
Thought worships it.

It is an illusion that has become the dictator of our life.

The Divisive Nature of the “Me”

The “me” is always in conflict—
because the “me” lives through comparison.

The “me” wants to be better than someone.
It wants to succeed, dominate, accumulate.
It wants pleasure without pain,
security without uncertainty,
continuity without change.

The “me” is essentially afraid.

Afraid of losing,
afraid of being alone,
afraid of being insignificant,
afraid of not becoming something.

This fear makes the “me” brutal.

From this brutality arise the divisions:

“I” and “you.”
“My group” and “your group.”
“My nation” and “your nation.”
“My belief” and “your belief.”
“My god” and “your god.”

Thought creates a psychological wall around the “me”
and calls that wall “identity.”

Behind that wall, we live isolated,
fearful of being hurt,
fearful of being discovered,
fearful of being nothing.

This division, born of thought,
is the origin of violence.

Not only personal violence,
but national violence,
religious violence,
ideological violence,
global violence.

The “Me” Will Carry Conflict Even to Other Planets

We dream of colonizing Mars,
travelling beyond the solar system,
building civilizations on other worlds.

But wherever the “me” goes,
it carries conflict with it.

Because the “me” is conflict.

If the “me” remains intact,
then:

• Mars will have wars
• Moon colonies will have divisions
• Other planets will have nations and borders
• Human settlements across galaxies will fight over power, resources, and identity
• The old tribal mind will recreate new tribes in space

The human mind, unchanged,
will export its sorrow to the stars.

Because the “me” is a portable prison—
it travels with you.

Without ending the “me,”
there is no hope for a different future.

Not on Earth,
not on Mars,
not in the farthest constellation.

The Illusion of Psychological Thought

To understand the danger of thought,
you must see that thought has two different movements:

(1) Thought as a tool

Functional, technical, practical.
Accurate, logical, necessary.

(2) Thought as the builder of the “me”

Psychological, divisive, reactive.
Creating fear, hurt, comparison, sorrow.

We never separate these two movements.
Therefore, we give absolute authority to thought.

We say:

“Thought can fix my loneliness.”
“Thought can fix my relationships.”
“Thought can fix my grief.”
“Thought can fix my fear.”

But thought cannot end fear—
because thought is fear.

Thought cannot heal hurt—
because thought is the remembrance of hurt.

Thought cannot end sorrow—
because thought is the continuity of sorrow.

Thought cannot bring peace—
because thought is the root of conflict.

You cannot use poison as medicine.

Thought is excellent for solving mechanical problems.
It is destructive when it interferes with psychological problems.

This is the fundamental mistake of humanity.

Seeing the Truth, Not Controlling It

Do not try to control thought.
Do not try to stop thought.
Do not fight thought.

All these become new movements of thought.

Simply see the movement of thought.

Observe how thought creates the “me.”
Observe how thought sustains fear.
Observe how thought divides.
Observe how thought projects pleasure and pain.
Observe how thought seeks certainty.

This seeing is not analysis.
Analysis is thought examining itself.
It leads nowhere.

This seeing is direct perception—
like observing a flower
or a sunset
or a raindrop.

When you see the truth of something completely,
the false drops away by itself.

You don’t have to push it away.

When you see that fire burns,
you don’t put your hand into it.

When you see that psychological thought is poisonous,
the mind becomes naturally silent.

A silence not imposed,

not disciplined,
not practiced—
but a silence that comes from clarity.

In that silence,
thought functions where necessary
and is quiet where it is deadly.

The Ending of the "Me"

When thought is silent in the psychological field,
something extraordinary happens:

The "me" loses its grip.
The "me" fades.
The "me" dissolves like mist in sunlight.

What remains is not emptiness—
but clarity.

A clarity from which compassion flows.
A clarity that is intelligence itself.
A clarity in which relationship becomes love,
not attachment.

When the "me" ends,
there is no fear,
no comparison,
no conflict.

There is only the vastness of awareness—
timeless, unburdened,
quietly alive.

This is the beginning of a new mind,

a new human being,
a new world.

Not created by thought,
but created by understanding.

The Cosmic Responsibility

If humanity wants to survive—
not just on Earth, but in the galaxies—
there must be a fundamental transformation
in the human mind.

Technology alone will not save us.
Colonizing planets will not save us.
New ideologies will not save us.

Only the ending of the “me”
can save humanity from itself.

Because the “me” is the source of all division.
And where there is division,
there is conflict.

We have conquered distance.
We have conquered disease.
We have conquered gravity.

But we have not conquered ourselves.

If thought continues to dominate the psychological world,
it will destroy not only our life here—
but every world we touch.

The universe will not save us

from the illusions we carry.

Only understanding can.

Understanding the nature of thought.
Understanding the birth of the “me.”
Understanding the poison of psychological memory.
Understanding the beauty of awareness.

Central Truth

The central truth is simple:

Thought is a wonderful servant
and a terrible master.

When thought limits itself to the field of function,
there is order.

When thought enters the field of the psyche,
there is chaos.

The “me” is a convenient fiction created by thought.
This “me” is divisive, fearful, violent.

Unless this “me” ends,
the conflict within us will spread endlessly—
to nations,
to societies,
to continents,
and eventually to new planets.

The outer world is a mirror of the inner world.

If the inner world is fragmented,

the outer world will be too.

The revolution that matters
is not political or technological—
but psychological.

The ending of the "me"
is the beginning of a new cosmic human.

A human without division.
A mind without conflict.
A heart without fear.
A life without illusion.

In such a mind,
thought functions brilliantly where needed
and remains quiet where it is poison.

That quietness is the beginning of wisdom.

That quietness is the beginning of compassion.

That quietness is the beginning of a new world—
on Earth, and in the stars.

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"Thought is useful in technical, scientific, and functional fields, but the same thought is venomous in the psychological field. Thought created the 'me,' and that 'me' is divisive, self-centred, and can destroy a life, a society, a planet, even other planets wherever it goes."

THE POISON OF PSYCHOLOGICAL THOUGHT

Student:
Sir, you often say thought is limited, fragmented, and dangerous when it enters the psychological realm.
But in the world of science, medicine, engineering—thought is extraordinary.
It builds planes, cures diseases, creates marvellous technology.
How can the same thought that performs miracles be a poison?

Teacher:
Let us go slowly.
Thought, as you say, is marvellous in its own place.
Without it there would be no bridge across the river,
no mathematics, no poetry written on paper,
no surgery, no spacecraft.

Thought has brought about extraordinary wonders.

But thought has also brought about suffering.

And one must understand why.

The Two Fields of Thought

Teacher:
There are two distinct fields in which thought operates:
the functional and the psychological.

Functionally, thought is necessary.
You need it to operate a computer, to diagnose illness,
to build a house, to plant a field.

Thought organizes, arranges, calculates.
It has a certain clarity within its limits.

But psychologically—
when thought tries to understand fear,
when thought tries to create security in relationship,
when thought tries to give continuity to hurt—
in that field thought becomes venom.

Student:
Why venom, sir?

Teacher:
Because it creates the illusion of the "me."

The Birth of the "Me"

Teacher:
Look at it carefully.
All psychological movement—the desire to become something,
the fear of losing something,
the memory of pleasure,
the ache of hurt—
all this is the movement of thought.

Thought remembers a sensation and says:
"That is me."

Thought remembers an insult and says:
"I was hurt."

Thought constructs an image of success and says:
"I must achieve."

From this movement, the "me" is born.

The “me” is nothing but the past gathered and carried by thought.

Just a bundle of memories claiming continuity.

And wherever the “me” operates, there must be conflict.

Conflict within oneself.
Conflict with another.
Conflict between nations.
Conflict between religions.
Conflict between ideologies.

The “me” is inherently divisive.
That is its nature.

The Student Challenges

Student:
Sir, but isn’t the “me” necessary?
How will one function in daily life without a sense of identity?

Teacher:
Identity as a name, a profession, a skill—
that is functional.
It is memory operating where it must operate.

But identity as an inner psychological center—
“I am important,”
“I must be secure,”
“I must succeed,”
“I must be known”—
that is destructive.

The “me” is a fiction created by thought,
yet we treat it as though it were sacred.

When this fiction guides action,
action becomes corrupt.

Why the Psychological “Me” Is Dangerous

Teacher:
Consider this simple fact:
thought is old.

It is never new.
It can only repeat patterns.

So, the “me,” being born of thought,
is also old.
It is second-hand.

The “me” divides itself from the world,
then seeks security for itself alone—
and this is the beginning of destruction.

Because when each man, each woman,
each group, each nation
seeks security for itself at the cost of others,
violence becomes inevitable.

That is why thought is venomous psychologically—
because it sustains separateness.

The Psychological “Me” and Global Destruction

Student:
Sir, you said the “me” can destroy not only a life,

but an entire planet…
even other planets.

Is that not an exaggeration?

Teacher:
Look around you.
Thought created nations,
and nations fight.

Thought created religious divisions,
and religions persecute.

Thought created ideologies,
and ideologies kill.

Thought created the desire for infinite consumption,
and this consumption is now destroying Earth.

If humanity travels to another planet carrying the same "me,"
the same greed,
the same ambition,
the same violence—
will it not corrupt that world too?

The "me" is a virus.
Wherever it goes, it spreads conflict.

The Student Becomes Silent

Student:
Then what are we to do, sir?

We are the product of thought.
How can we live without it?

Teacher:
I did not say live without thought.
I said understand thought.

When you understand its nature,
you place it in its right place.

Thought must operate where it is necessary.
But thought must never enter the psychological field.

The Ending of Psychological Thought

Student:
But sir, how can thought stop itself?

Teacher:
By understanding it.

Look, if you observe a poisonous snake,
you do not run.
You do not fight it.
You simply give it space
and ensure it does not come near your bed.

In the same way,
observe thought without resistance,
without suppression,
without justification.

Just observe.

In that observation,
thought becomes quiet.

Not suppressed.
Not controlled.
Quiet.

A quiet mind is a mind free of psychological thought.

In that quietness,
the “me” dissolves.

And when the “me” dissolves,
a totally different kind of intelligence operates.

A New Intelligence

Student:
What do you mean by a different intelligence?

Teacher:
When thought is silent inwardly,
there is a perception that is not born of memory.

A seeing that is instantaneous.

A clarity that is not the product of effort.

A compassion that is not cultivated.

A freedom that is not dependent on knowledge.

This intelligence is not yours or mine—
it does not belong to a person.

It belongs to a mind that is free of the “me.”

That intelligence is harmless.

It cannot destroy.
It cannot divide.
It cannot create conflict.

Only such intelligence can save humanity.

The Closing Silence

The wind rustles the banyan leaves.
The group sits quietly.
Something in the air has shifted.

The student bows his head slightly.

Student:
Sir…
I see now.

Thought is a tool—
marvellous in its place,
dangerous when it leaves its place.

The "me" it creates is the cause of division.

And only when the "me" ends,
does compassion begin.

Teacher:
Yes, my friend.

You have understood.

Let that understanding act.

Not tomorrow.

Not in the future.

Now.

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The Venom of the Psychological "Me"

The Cosmos, Thought, and the Birth of Illusion

In the vastness of the universe—
in that immeasurable space where galaxies swirl like sparks from an eternal flame—
there is only order.

Comets do not collide out of jealousy.
Stars do not burn brighter out of ambition.
Planets do not fight for territory.
Nebulae do not compete for beauty.

Everything moves in harmony,
held together by a silence that is beyond time.

But here, on a small planet lost among billions,
there is a species that has broken from this cosmic order.

A species capable of extraordinary intelligence—
and extraordinary destruction.

Thought.

Thought built bridges.
Thought sent rockets to the moon.
Thought decoded the atom.
Thought created language, measurement, and machines.

In the world of function—
of technology, science, architecture—
thought is a marvel.

But somewhere along the way,
thought performed a trick on itself.
A cosmic mistake born out of evolutionary danger and psychological fear.

Thought created an image— a center— a "me."

And that "me" became the trouble of the ages.

The Psychological "Me": A Cosmic Error

This "me" is not physical.
You cannot locate it in the brain.
You cannot find it in the bloodstream.
No surgeon has ever cut it open.

It is woven from memories,
experiences,
injuries,
ambitions,
comparisons,
desires,
hurt.

Thought—
in its attempt to protect the organism—
constructed a psychological center.

And that center whispers:

“I am separate.”
“I must survive.”
“I must achieve.”
“I must become.”
“I must protect myself.”
“I must dominate.”

From this tiny, fragile center arose division.

And division is the beginning of all conflict.

Here begins the cosmic tragedy:

What was useful biologically
became destructive psychologically.

The very instrument that built civilization
now tears humanity apart.

The “Me” Spreads Like Venom

The “me” is small—
a bundle of thoughts—
yet it behaves like a cosmic toxin.

It divides brother from brother.
Nation from nation.
Religion from religion.
Race from race.
Belief from belief.
Planet from planet.

The psychological “me” is like a virus
that infects everything it touches.

It has destroyed families.
It has set continents on fire.
It has plunged civilizations into centuries of hatred.
It has created empires and slaughtered millions.
It has turned rivers into sewage and forests into deserts.

And this same “me,”
if carried into space—
to Mars,
to Europa,
to exoplanets—
will spread division there too.

Man will bring his wars to the stars.
His greed to new worlds.
His conflict to new horizons.

If the “me” is not understood here,
it will pollute the entire cosmos
wherever man goes.

The Universe Has No “Me”

Look at the night sky.

A billion suns burn without identification.
A trillion planets move without pride.
Galaxies collide without hatred.
Supernovae explode without anger.
New stars are born without ambition.

In all this vastness, not a single “me” exists.

Only man has the illusion of being separate from the whole.

A leaf that thinks it is separate from the tree
dies of loneliness.

A wave that believes it is separate from the ocean
breaks itself into foam.

The human “me” is such a wave—
a fragment trying to stand alone
in a universe that is indivisible.

When Thought Becomes Psychologically Venomous

Thought is mechanical.
Thought is old.
Thought is repetitive.
Thought is limited by memory.
Thought cannot see the whole.

When thought enters the field of psychology,
it creates an illusion in order to feel safe.

That illusion is “me.”

From that illusion come:

fear,
greed,
envy,
comparison,
ambition,
hurt,
violence.

Just as poison spreads through the bloodstream,
psychological thought spreads through consciousness.

And just as poison kills the body,
psychological thought kills peace.

Thought is not evil.
It is simply in the wrong place.

In the field of science—thought is magnificent.
In the field of relationship—thought is destruction.

To bring thought into love
is like bringing fire into a forest.

It burns.

The Ending of the "Me" Is the Beginning of Cosmic Order

The universe has no division.
It is one movement,
from the smallest quark
to the largest galaxy cluster.

When the mind sees the false as false,
the illusion dissolves instantly.

Not slowly.
Not gradually.
Like a shadow disappearing when light appears.

When the mind sees:

"That psychological 'me' is created by thought,
and thought is limited—
therefore the 'me' is limited,

divisive,
illusory”—

then that illusion ends without effort.

And when the “me” ends,
a strange thing happens:

There is no loneliness.
No conflict.
No separation.
No division.

There is only awareness—
vast, silent, immeasurable—
the same awareness that hums in a star,
that breathes in a galaxy,
that moves in a blade of grass.

Then one sees:

“I am not separate from the universe.
I am the universe,
briefly expressing itself as a human.”

When the false center dissolves,
the cosmic order returns to the human mind.

And in that order, there is infinite compassion.
Infinite intelligence.
Infinite beauty.

Not created by thought— but revealed when thought is quiet.

***

The tragedy of man is not that he invented the rocket—
but that he carries into the rocket
a mind full of psychological venom.

Unless the illusion of the “me” ends,
we will create Mars in the image of Earth—
polluted, divided, conflicted.

But if the mind understands itself,
if thought finds its right place,
if the “me” dissolves,
then wherever man goes,
he will bring not conflict
but cosmic harmony.

The universe is waiting.

Not for our rockets.
Not for our technology.
Not for our intelligence.

But for the ending of the illusion of the “me.”

When that ends,
the human mind becomes as vast as the galaxies—
untouched, unpossessed, indivisible.

In that vastness, the whole cosmos is within you.

***

Thought has a rightful place in the world of technology, science, and daily function.
There, it is precise, intelligent, necessary. It builds bridges, solves equations, repairs machines.

But the same thought, when carried into the psychological field, becomes poison.

For thought has created the "me"—
the centre that seeks security, recognition, continuity.
This "me" is a fragment, shaped by memory, experience, fear, desire.
And being fragmented, it divides.

This illusory centre becomes the source of conflict—
in relationships, in society, between nations.
The "me" destroys peace within and creates wars without.

If this illusion travels beyond Earth,
it will carry its conflicts to other planets,
spreading disorder wherever it goes.

Only when the mind understands the nature of thought—
its limits, its functions, its dangers—
does a different kind of intelligence awaken,
an intelligence not born of thought,
but flowering in silence.

The Double-Edged Tool

Thought is a remarkable instrument.
It can land a spacecraft on Mars, calculate the speed of light, and weave systems of astonishing complexity.
In all functional, scientific, and technical fields,
thought is precise, capable, astonishingly powerful.

In that field, thought is order.

But the same instrument, when turned inward—
into the realm of emotion, relationship, fear, and identity—

creates disorder.

Because thought, in the psychological realm, operates in darkness.

It tries to solve fear by escape.
It tries to solve loneliness by attachment.
It tries to solve insecurity by comparison.
It tries to solve sorrow by distraction.
It tries to solve conflict by resistance.

But the thinker and the thought are not separate.
The very movement of the thinker is thought.
The "me," the "I," the "self"—
these are constructs of memory,
stitched together by experience and knowledge.

In the external world thought is factual.
But inwardly it is illusion.

And illusions, when believed in, become extraordinarily dangerous.

How Thought Created the "Me"

Thought says:

"I am this body."
"I am this name."
"I am my experiences."
"I am my successes."
"I am my failures."
"I am my desires, my fears, my memories."

Thought puts all this together

and calls it “me.”

But this centre is built from fragments—
not from truth.

When thought constructs the “me,”
it must also construct the “not-me.”
From this arises division:

• me and you
• my tribe and your tribe
• my belief and your belief
• my country and your country
• my God and your God

Thought does not know how to live without division.
Division is its nature.

Where there is division, there must be conflict.

The “Me” and Its Violence

The “me” wants security.
But security built on division is illusion.

The “me” wants continuity.
But continuity is resistance to change.

The “me” wants importance.
But importance breeds comparison and fear.

The “me” wants dominance.
But dominance creates suffering.

The “me” wants pleasure endlessly.

But pleasure leads to addiction.

This illusory centre becomes the root of:

• jealousy
• ambition
• greed
• fear
• hatred
• manipulation
• violence

It destroys marriages.
It corrupts friendships.
It pollutes institutions.
It fragments societies.
It fuels wars.
It justifies cruelty.

And while scientific thought can send a rocket to Jupiter,
the same psychological thought
cannot bring harmony in a single household.

All knowledge of the world cannot solve
the chaos created by the "me."

If Man Migrates to Mars

Let us imagine humanity establishing a colony on Mars.

We build domes, machines, transport, laboratories—
all created by functional thought.

But what of the psychological thought?

The “me” will go with us.
The divisions will go with us.
The ambitions will go with us.
The fears will go with us.
The violence will go with us.

We will carry to Mars
the same tribalism, domination, conflict
that we lived with on Earth.

We will create Martian nations, Martian borders, Martian wars.

Because thought, unless understood,
recreates the same pattern everywhere it goes.

The outer journey will be vast.
The inner journey will remain unchanged.

Man may conquer the planets—
but if he does not understand himself,
he will turn the entire solar system into his battleground.

The Ending of Psychological Thought

Psychological thought ends
when it is seen for what it is.

Not suppressed,
not controlled,
not resisted—
just clearly seen.

To see that the “me” is a movement of memory,
to see that fear is sustained by thought,

to see that desire is kept alive by thought,
to see that comparison is the nature of thought—
this very seeing
brings freedom.

When thought operates in its proper field—
technology, medicine, communication, planning—
and remains silent in the psychological field,
a great harmony takes place.

Thought becomes the servant.
Not the master.

And in that silence,
a new intelligence awakens.

An intelligence not born from effort or knowledge.
An intelligence not tied to the past.
An intelligence that perceives the truth instantly.

From that intelligence arises compassion.

Compassion is not thought.
It is not memory.
It is not emotion.

It is the fragrance of a mind
free from the "me."

***

Student: Sir, why do you say thought is dangerous? Thought is needed for everything.

Teacher: Of course. Thought is needed to drive a car, build a bridge, write a book, send a rocket into space.
In that field, thought is marvellously intelligent.
But thought is dangerous when it enters the psychological field.

Student: What do you mean by "psychological field"?

Teacher: The field of fear, desire, jealousy, ambition, loneliness, sorrow.
There, thought creates illusions.

Student: How?

Teacher: Thought creates the idea of "me."
The "me" who wants to be safe, important, admired, successful.
That "me" is a construct created by memory.

Student: But sir, without this "me," how do I live?

Teacher: The "me" is exactly what prevents you from living.
It creates division—me and not-me, us and them.

Student: Why is that a problem?

Teacher: Division is conflict.
Conflict is suffering.
This is why families quarrel, religions divide, nations fight.

Student: And if we go to another planet?

Teacher: We will carry the "me" there too.
And with it, conflict.

Man will create Martian nations as he created Earthly nations.

Student: So, what is the solution?

Teacher: To understand thought.
Not suppress it, not control it—but understand it.
To see where it is useful, and where it is destructive.

Student: And what happens when thought becomes quiet?

Teacher: When thought becomes quiet, another intelligence operates—
not created by memory,
not born from the past.
This intelligence brings compassion, clarity, peace.

Student: Sir… is that enlightenment?

Teacher: It is simply the absence of illusion.

***

Across galaxies,
across star systems,
across the vast emptiness where light travels for millions of years,
one thing remains constant:

Thought.

Wherever human beings go—
whether to moons of Jupiter,
cities under Martian dust,
or floating colonies around Saturn—

they will carry the same ancient machinery.

The machinery of thought.

Thought can decode the language of starlight,
measure the spin of a neutron star,
simulate the birth of a galaxy.

But thought cannot end fear.
It cannot dissolve sorrow.
It cannot heal loneliness.

Because psychological thought is born of time—
the past projecting itself into the present.

Thought created the “me,”
a small, frightened centre
that imagines itself separate from the universe.

The “me” is a cosmic illusion.

A speck of memory
claiming to be the centre of all existence.

This fragment fights other fragments—
tribes, nations, beliefs, identities—
each claiming a piece of the infinite cosmos.

If humanity leaves Earth and spreads through space,
the “me” will spread with it,
like a shadow across planets.

Wars may echo through the asteroid belts.
Colonies may fight over Martian water.
Belief systems may divide domed cities on Titan.

Unless the mind awakens to its own illusion.

When the “me” dissolves,
the universe is no longer divided.
The stars are no longer distant.
The heart beats with the rhythm of galaxies.

Awareness, not thought,
is the true cosmic intelligence.

And in that awareness,
the universe and the mind
are one movement.

***

Thought builds bridges,
launches rockets,
counts stars.

In its rightful place,
it is clear and sharp
like moonlight on metal.

But when thought enters the heart,
it becomes poison.

For thought has woven the “me”—
a fragile mask
stitched from memory and fear.

This small “me”
stands trembling before the vast sky,
claiming ownership of everything

it does not understand.

It divides the world into
mine and yours,
ours and theirs,
my God and your God.

It wages battles on Earth
and will carry battles to Mars.

It will scar planets
the way it has scarred hearts.

Only in the quiet
where thought cannot enter,
does a different light appear—

a light without centre,
without boundary,
without fear.

There,
in the stillness behind the mind,
love breathes again.

- “When the ‘me’ travels to another planet, conflict travels with it.”
- “Man may conquer galaxies, but without understanding himself, he spreads chaos across the stars.”
- “Thought can reach Mars, but it cannot reach the heart.”
- “The universe is vast; the ‘me’ is small—yet the small seeks to dominate the vast.”

- “When the illusion of the self ends, the cosmos blooms within.”
- “Thought can build machines, but not peace.”
- “The self is a shadow cast by memory.”
- “Where thought ends, creation begins.”
- “The ‘me’ is a dream the mind has mistaken for truth.”
- “In the silence beyond thought, the heart awakens.”

*****

HOW TO BE FREE OF THE POISONOUS "ME"

The Birth of the False Centre

Human life, as we live it now, is shaped by one central illusion—the "me."

This "me" is not the body, not the senses, not the intelligence that can build bridges, cure diseases, or compose music.
It is the psychological structure created by thought:

The "me" who wants, fears, compares, competes, becomes, clings, resists, remembers, projects.

Thought, which is so wonderfully useful in technology, science, and communication, becomes venom the moment it enters the psychological domain.

In the technical world, thought is precise, measured, factual.

But in the psychological world, thought becomes:

- divisive
- insecure
- frightened
- ambitious
- conflicting
- destructive

Thought says:

"I am this."
"I must become that."

“I am better.”
“I am worse.”
“I must achieve.”
“I must not fail.”

Out of this movement, the “me” is born.

And this “me” begins to run your entire life.

The Nature of the Psychological “Me”

The “me” is a bundle of memories—
the injuries of childhood,
the praise of parents,
the insults of school,
the ambitions planted by society,
the patterns inherited from history.

Thought gathers all this and gives it a centre.

That centre becomes the self.

The self becomes the controller, the observer, the chooser, the experiencer.

But the self is merely a shadow—
a moving image created by thought.

The tragedy is:
The image believes it is real.
The image believes it is the doer.
The image believes it is the chooser.

And because the “me” feels separate,
it must protect itself, defend itself, expand itself.

This is the root of conflict.

Where there is a “me,”
there must be a “you.”

Where there is “my belief,”
there is “your belief.”

Where there is “my god,”
there is “your god.”

The “me” breeds division—
in a family, in a classroom, in a marriage, in society, in nations, in religions.

How the “Me” Becomes Poison

Thought is a beautiful instrument in the external world.
It can measure, calculate, analyze, invent.

But when thought says:

“I am hurt,”
“I am lonely,”
“I must become important,”
“I must be admired,”
“I must not fail,”

then thought becomes corruption.

Psychologically, thought becomes venom because:

Thought cannot resolve the problems it creates.

Thought creates fear by projecting the future.
Thought creates sorrow by reviving memory.
Thought creates jealousy by comparing.
Thought creates conflict by dividing.

Thought is fragmentary.
Life is whole.

When the fragment tries to control the whole,
there is suffering.

The Global Danger of the Psychological "Me"

The "me" is not merely an individual problem.

It is a planetary threat.

The "me" has created wars, caste, class, gender domination, tribalism, nationalism.
It has created ideological conflict, religious division, economic exploitation.

The same "me" has polluted rivers, destroyed forests, poisoned the soil, filled the oceans with plastic—
because it always wants more, more, more.

Even if humanity migrates to other planets,
the "me" will carry its poison there:

Where the "me" goes, conflict follows.
Where the "me" goes, division begins.
Where the "me" goes, destruction spreads.

To save this planet—and any planet we may enter—we must understand the "me" and end it.

The Illusion of Control and Effort

You cannot end the “me” through effort.

Effort is always from the self.

The self saying:

“I will control myself,”
“I will discipline myself,”
“I will meditate harder,”
“I will become free of the me,”

is still the same self playing another trick.

The self cannot end itself.

The controller is the controlled.
The observer is the observed.
The thinker is the thought.

Seeing this clearly is the beginning of freedom.

The Only Way Out: Pure, Choiceless Observation

Freedom from the “me” does not come through:

• suppression
• analysis
• discipline
• belief
• practice
• control
• escape

It comes only through one thing:

choiceless observation.

To observe without judgment,
without naming,
without resisting,
without trying to change.

To observe anger as anger—
not “my anger.”

To observe fear as fear—
not “my fear.”

To observe hurt as hurt—
not “how dare they hurt me.”

When the “me” is not interfering,
what is observed reveals its full nature.

And in the light of that pure seeing,
the “me” burns away like a shadow in midday sun.

Observation is the flame that ends psychological poison.

When the “Me” Ends

When the self dissolves,
something extraordinary happens.

There is clarity.
There is compassion.
There is intelligence.

There is love.

Not the love of attachment—
but love without centre.

A mind free of the “me”
is a mind free of fear.

A mind free of the “me”
is a mind free to learn.

A mind free of the “me”
is a mind that does no harm.

This is the only moral transformation.

Not discipline, not religion, not ideology—
but freedom from the poison of the self.

***

Questioner:
Sir, you say the “me” is poisonous. But without the “me,” who am I?

Teacher:
You are asking a question that has already assumed its answer.

Questioner:
How so?

Teacher:
You ask “Who am I without the me?”
Which means you want a new image to replace the old.

That is the trick of thought—
to replace one cage with another.

Questioner:
But the “me” feels real. I feel hurt, jealous, afraid.

Teacher:
The feeling is real;
the “I” who feels is not.

Anger exists—
but the “I am angry” is a construction.

Fear exists—
but the “I am afraid” is an illusion.

The observer is created by thought.

Questioner:
Why does thought create this observer, this centre?

Teacher:
Because thought cannot function in psychological insecurity.

So, it invents a centre—
the “me”—
and then tries to protect it.

But the centre is the cause of insecurity.

Do you see the trap?

Questioner:
So how do I escape this?

Teacher:
Why do you want to escape?

Questioner:
Because the “me” causes suffering.

Teacher:
Yes.
And when you observe that suffering without the desire to escape,
the self becomes quiet.

Escaping strengthens the self.
Observing ends it.

Questioner:
Then what must I do?

Teacher:
Nothing.
Action is interference.

Simply observe the movement of thought.

Observe how it creates the “me.”
Observe the fear, the comparison, the ambition.

Not as “my fear,”
but as fear.

And in that pure observation,
the centre dissolves.

Questioner:
And what remains?

Teacher:
Compassion.
Intelligence.
Freedom.
A mind without poison.

***

The cosmos unfolds without a centre.

Galaxies whirl, stars are born, planets collide,
but nowhere is there a central “me.”

The universe moves in harmony
because nothing claims importance.

But on this small planet,
in this small brain,
thought has created a centre—
a fragment called “I.”

This “I” stands against the vastness
like a tiny fence placed before the ocean,
claiming ownership.

“I hurt.”
“I want.”
“I fear.”
“I must become.”

This little centre wages war against the infinite.

It divides humanity into tribes, nations, beliefs.
It divides the earth into markets and battlefields.

It divides relationships into mine and yours.

If this “me” enters Mars or some distant star-world,
it will carry its conflict like a virus.

The “me” is a cosmic pollutant—
small in size,
immense in destruction.

To be free of the “me”
is to rejoin the vastness of existence—
to live as the stars live,
without centre,
without division,
without fear.

In that cosmic silence,
the mind becomes as spacious as the universe itself.

***

The “me” is a shadow
born when thought turns inward
and names the ache as “mine.”

It gathers memories
like old leaves in a storm,
calling itself a self.

It builds a throne in the mind,
crowned with fear,
robed in desire,
guarded by comparison.

It says:

“Become.”
“Achieve.”
“Win.”
“Dominate.”

But the throne is made of smoke.

A touch of silence
and it disappears.

When the self fades,
like mist in a morning sun,
beauty flows again.

The mind becomes a river,
not a stone.
Love becomes light,
not possession.

Freedom arrives
the moment you stop feeding
the phantom called “me.”

***

- ***Thought made the “me,”***
  and the “me” made the world a battlefield.

- ***The self is a shadow—***
  dangerous only when you believe it is real.

- ***Where the “me” ends,***
  the universe begins.

- ***The psychological self is the only poison that survives on every planet.***

- ***To observe the self without fear is to dissolve it without effort.***

- ***Freedom is not the flight of the self— but the ending of the self.***

- ***The star is free because it has no centre. The mind is free when it becomes the same.***

- ***The ending of the "me" is the beginning of love.***

- ***The self is a story; seeing the story as story is the birth of intelligence.***

- ***The moment you stop trying to become— you begin to be.***

*****

Choiceless Awareness of Me Is the Ending of Me

When there is choiceless awareness of the movement of illusion, the illusion ends.

Not by effort,
not by control,
not by analysis,
but by the simple, pristine act of seeing what is.

Illusion ends only when its movement is seen with total choiceless awareness—
not resisted, not justified, not escaped, but observed silently as it arises. In that pure seeing, the false withers naturally.

The ‘me’—the centre created by thought—sustains itself through constant movement:
comparison, judgement, fear, desire, becoming.
When the mind watches this whole movement without choice,
without the watcher interfering,
the movement loses its energy,
and the illusion of the ‘me’ dissolves.

When the mind looks
without choosing,
without running,
without clinging—
the shadow of illusion

falls by itself.
Nothing is to be done;
only to see.
And in that seeing,
the false ends.

In the vastness of awareness,
illusion is a brief ripple—
a movement of thought imagining itself to be a centre.
When that ripple is seen without resistance,
without the pressure of becoming,
it merges back into the limitless.
The illusion ends in the immensity of seeing.

***

THE ENDING OF ILLUSION THROUGH CHOICELESS AWARENESS

The Problem of Illusion

Human beings live far more in illusion than in actuality.

We live in conclusions, memories, opinions, prejudices, beliefs, fears—
and we call this bundle of movement myself.
We mistake this psychological structure for truth,
and because it feels familiar,
we cling to it as if it were real.

But the “me” is a construct of thought—
a movement in time,
a residue of yesterday,
a projection of tomorrow.

It is not a living fact.
It is an illusion.

And the tragedy is this:

Illusion does not know it is illusion.
It feels solid, necessary, even sacred.

The “me” can create gods and then worship its own creation.
It can create fear and then try to escape from fear.
It can create conflict and then struggle to be free from conflict.

The “me” is both the creator of the problem and the seeker of solutions.

Unless the movement of this illusion is completely understood,
human life will forever be entangled in sorrow.

The Nature of Choiceless Awareness

Awareness is not concentration.
Awareness is not effort.
Awareness is not choosing one thought over another.

Choiceless awareness is the simple act of seeing what is,
without distortion,
without judgement,
without resistance,
without the desire to change what is seen.

Choiceless awareness is like a clear mirror—
it receives everything,

reflects everything,
rejects nothing.

It is not personal.
It is not concerned with success or failure.
It does not condemn.
It does not justify.
It merely sees.

In this seeing,
there is a different kind of energy—
an intelligence that is not born of thought.

The Movement of Illusion

Illusion is not static.
It moves like a river.

Observe it carefully:

• The “me” arises as a memory.
• Memory becomes thought.
• Thought becomes reaction.
• Reaction becomes psychological identity.
• Identity becomes conflict.
• Conflict creates further illusions.

Anger says, “This anger is justified.”
Fear says, “I must escape this fear.”
Hurt says, “Protect yourself.”
Desire says, “If I achieve that, I will be happy.”

Each movement of thought strengthens the “me,”
and the “me” strengthens illusion.

It is a self-sustaining cycle.

And the more we struggle against illusion,
the stronger illusion becomes.

Because the struggle is still within illusion.

To escape illusion is to feed illusion.

Why Will and Discipline Fail

Most approaches to ending illusion involve effort:

“I must control my thoughts.”
“I must meditate harder.”
“I must follow a method.”
“I must discipline the mind.”

But effort is born of the self.
The self trying to overcome the self
is like a dog chasing its own tail.

All effort strengthens the entity that is itself the problem.

Effort implies conflict,
and conflict is the very essence of illusion.

Therefore, any method, any practice, any system
that involves effort
cannot bring an end to illusion.

Only awareness can.

But not the awareness that chooses,
that condemns,

that resists.

Choiceless awareness is the key.

Seeing the Illusion as Illusion

Illusion ends not through struggle but through insight.

Insight is not a thought.
It is not the result of analysis.
It is not an intellectual conclusion.

Insight is the sudden, clear perception
of the nature of illusion.

To see anger as anger—instantaneously,
without naming it, without suppressing it, without indulging in it—
is insight.

To see fear arise from thought—directly,
without escape, without resistance—
is insight.

To see that all images we carry of ourselves—
the successful person, the failed person, the spiritual person,
the hurt person, the proud person—
are illusions created by thought,
is insight.

Insight is the flame
that burns away illusion.

What Is Choiceless Awareness in Daily Life?

Choiceless awareness is the art of watching the mind
as it moves through daily living.

• As anger arises, see it.
• As jealousy arises, see it.
• As fear arises, see it.
• As desire arises, see it.
• As comparison arises, see it.

See the movement without saying:

“This is right.”
“This is wrong.”
“I should or shouldn’t feel this.”

See without the observer.

For the observer is the observed.

The “I” who says “I am angry”
is not separate from anger.
The division is illusion.

When anger is simply seen as a movement of thought and memory,
the division ends,
and in that ending there is instant clarity.

Choiceless awareness is this clarity.

The Ending of Illusion

Illusion ends when it is seen completely.

Not partially.

Not intellectually.
Not verbally.

But totally.

Total seeing is possible only when the mind is still—
not forced stillness,
not cultivated quietness,
but natural quietness born out of deep observation.

In that stillness, thought has no momentum.
Thought becomes silent.

And when thought is silent,
the “me” is silent.

In that silence, illusion dissolves.

The dissolving of illusion is not an act of will.
It is the natural outcome of choiceless observation.

As darkness disappears when you light a lamp,
illusion disappears when awareness shines.

Not by effort,
but by illumination.

The Extraordinary Beauty of a Mind Free from Illusion

When illusion ends,
a new quality of mind emerges.

A mind that is not burdened by fear,
not driven by desire,
not distorted by comparison,

not wounded by memory.

Such a mind is innocent—
not childish,
but fresh,
untouched by the weight of the past.

In this innocence,
there is tremendous intelligence.

A natural compassion.
A profound clarity.
A sensitivity to beauty.
An effortless order.
A harmony with life.

This is the flowering of awareness.

Not the awareness of discipline or practice,
but the awareness that is wholly free—
free from illusion,
free from the "me,"
free from the poison of psychological thought.

And in that freedom,
there is the ending of sorrow.

"Choiceless awareness of the movement of illusion is the ending of illusion."

This is not a philosophy.
It is a fact
to be lived,
to be discovered in the mirror of daily life.

Where there is choiceless awareness,
there is no self,
no past,
no effort.

Where there is no self,
illusion cannot take root.

And where illusion has no root,
truth blooms silently.

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WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE? WHY DOES LIFE EXIST? WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE?

The Human Condition: A Mind Seeking Purpose

Human beings have asked this question for thousands of years:

"What is the meaning of life?
Why are we here?
What is our purpose?"

We ask because there is a sense of emptiness inside.
A loneliness.
A sorrow.
A sense of incompleteness.

The mind hopes that if it discovers a grand purpose,
it will finally feel fulfilled.

So thought invents purposes:

- to serve God
- to evolve spiritually
- to improve oneself
- to leave a legacy
- to become something
- to change the world
- to be successful
- to reach heaven
- to attain enlightenment

But these “purposes” are born of fear and desire.
They are projections of thought.

Thought says:

“I am empty — let me create a purpose to fill myself.”
“I am frightened — let me find a purpose that gives security.”
“I am lonely — let me have a purpose that gives companionship.”
“I feel meaningless — let me search for meaning.”

So, the search itself is a movement of the fragmented mind.

And anything born of fragmentation cannot reveal truth.

Purpose Is a Projection of the “Me”

The mind asking the question
is the same mind that creates sorrow, fear, anxiety, and conflict.

That very mind says:

“I must find a purpose.”

But purpose implies direction.
Direction implies choice.
Choice implies conflict.

And conflict is the very essence of the “me.”

The “me” says:

“I must become something.”

But that “something” is always in the future.
And the future is created by thought.
And thought is time.
And time is suffering when it enters the psychological field.

So, the search for purpose is another way of escaping the emptiness of the present.

The “me” is born in time —
and seeks significance in time.

But the “me” is an illusion.
Therefore, its search is also illusion.

Life Has No Purpose — and That Is Its Beauty

This may shock the mind:

Life has no purpose.

Not the life of thought.
Not the life of ambition.
Not the life of achievement.

But life itself.

A bird singing in the morning has no purpose.
A flower blooming by the roadside has no purpose.
The stars moving in infinite space have no purpose.
The waves rising and falling have no purpose.

They are —
and that is enough.

Purpose is a human invention.

The mind, conditioned by society, religion, culture, and fear, demands purpose because it is frightened of emptiness.

But emptiness is not disorder.
Emptiness is clarity.

When the mind stops projecting its own desires as "purpose," there is a different quality of living.

Not mechanical.
Not purposeful.
Not driven.

But alive.
Intelligent.
Creative.
Compassionate.

The Meaninglessness of "Meaning"

Meaning is something the mind gives.
The mind that is conditioned.

Meaning therefore is conditioned.

You say:

"What is the meaning of my life?"

But who is asking this question?

A mind full of fear,
full of sorrow,
full of wounds,

full of ambition.

Such a mind cannot discover meaning —
because it is the very creator of illusion.

A confused mind asking the meaning of life
will only find a meaning consistent with its confusion.

A frightened mind will always find a meaning that comforts fear.
A greedy mind will always find a meaning that justifies greed.
A wounded mind will always find a meaning that protects its wounds.

Therefore:

Meaning is never discovered;
it is always projected.

And projection is illusion.

When the Mind Is Silent, Life Reveals Itself

When thought becomes completely quiet —
not controlled,
not suppressed,
not disciplined —
but naturally silent because it sees its own limitation…

Then a different dimension opens.

Not mystical.
Not spiritual.
Not philosophical.

Simply truthful.

In that silence:

There is no “me” asking for a purpose.
There is no “I” seeking fulfilment.
There is no identity longing for significance.
There is only pure observation.

And in that observation,
there is tremendous energy.

That energy is life.

When the mind is empty of seeking,
life reveals itself as something immeasurable.

Not purposeful.
Not meaningless.
Not meaningful.

But sacred.

A sacredness that is not created by thought,
nor maintained by rituals,
nor conceptualized by philosophy.

It simply is.

So, What Is the Purpose of Life?

When the mind is silent and free of illusion,
the question itself disappears.

Because only a confused mind asks,
“What is the purpose of life?”

A mind that sees,
that loves,
that listens,
that is completely attentive…

such a mind does not seek purpose.

It is alive.
And being alive is enough.

In this sense:

The purpose of life
is to live without distortion.

To live with clarity.
To live without fear.
To live without the burden of becoming.
To live without psychological time.
To live in compassion.
To live in freedom.

And in that living,
life reveals its sacredness.

A sacredness not dependent on purpose,
but arising from freedom.

When There Is Freedom, There Is Truth

Truth is not found in purpose.
Truth is found in freedom from purpose.

Because purpose implies a direction created by thought.

Truth is directionless.

Truth is a state of being in which the mind is free of illusion—
free of fear,
free of ambition,
free of becoming,
free of comparison,
free of the psychological “me.”

In that freedom,
life is not a problem to be solved,
not a question to be answered,
not a puzzle to be decoded.

Life is a flame.

A flame that burns quietly,
without seeking anything.

And in that flame,
the whole cosmos is reflected.

Life exists not for a purpose,
but in its own immeasurable beauty.

When the mind stops seeking meaning,
when the “me” ends,
when thought becomes completely quiet…

life is revealed as sacred,
silent,
whole,

and astonishingly alive.

That is the truth.

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From the beginning of time, human beings have asked:

Why am I here?
What is the meaning of life?
What is the purpose of all this?

We have asked priests, saints, gurus, philosophers;
we have consulted scriptures, rituals, myths;
we have searched the stars, the sciences, the spiritual traditions.

Yet the question remains unanswered.

Not because the answer is hidden—
but because the questioner is confused.

We demand meaning as a child demands a lullaby—
something comforting,
something familiar,
something that promises security against the vast unknown.

Our mind seeks assurance:

“There must be a purpose.
There must be a creator who designed all this.
My life must fit into some grand cosmic plan.”

This search for meaning is born out of fear—
fear of emptiness,
fear of insignificance,

fear of the unknown,
fear of ending.

And anything born of fear cannot reveal truth.

To discover what life is,
one must first understand why the mind hungers for meaning.

The Mind That Craves Purpose

Look closely at the demand:

“What is the purpose of my life?”

In that question, there is already a division—
life is one thing,
you are another,
and you are asking how the two can be fitted together.

But you are life.

The question implies separation
only because the “you” has become the center of your perception.

This “you,”
this sense of separate identity,
this entity seeking meaning—
is a bundle of memories,
experiences,
hurts,
fears,
desires,
and conditioning.

It is the “me”—
the psychological structure built by thought.

And this “me,”
being fragile, uncertain, incomplete,
longs for a purpose that will give it stability.

But the moment the mind seeks purpose,
it has already moved away from the living reality of life
into the conceptual realm of thought.

Thought can only project its own fears, hopes, and beliefs.
Therefore, any meaning thought creates
will always be limited by the mind that created it.

A small mind creates small meanings.
A frightened mind creates comforting meanings.
An ambitious mind creates heroic meanings.
A conditioned mind creates traditional meanings.

Meaning then becomes a mirror—
not of life,
but of your own conditioning.

The Futility of Searching Outside

Look how we move:

The religious mind says
“God created life so that we may serve Him.”

The scientific mind says
“Life exists by accident; purpose is irrelevant.”

The philosophical mind says

“Meaning is a human projection upon a meaningless universe.”

The spiritual mind says
“Life exists to evolve the soul.”

Who is correct?

None of them—
because truth is not found in belief,
nor in theory,
nor in tradition.

Truth cannot be borrowed.

You cannot depend on someone else’s experience
to understand this living thing called life.

You must look directly.

And to look,
you must first put aside the noise of the mind—
its beliefs,
its conclusions,
its fears,
its hopes,
its desires.

A silent mind can see.

A noisy mind can only repeat.

Life Is Not Separate from You

Let us begin again—

freshly, without conclusion.

What is life?

Life is:

the breath you take,
the beating of your heart,
the light upon leaves,
the movement of clouds,
the cry of a newborn,
the laughter of children,
the sorrow of loss,
the beauty of a morning,
the quiet of evening,
the thought that arises,
the feeling that flows through you.

Life is everything you are experiencing right now.

It is not something outside you.

Life is not a grand narrative in which you are a character.

Life is not something given to you to Fulfill.

Life is not a test,
not a punishment,
not a journey toward salvation.

Life is simply this moment—
the movement of existence itself.

To ask for meaning
is like a fish swimming in the ocean asking,

“What is the purpose of water?”

The very question reveals ignorance of what is.

Why We Cannot See Life Directly

Why is it so hard to see life as it is?

Because we observe life through the screen of thought.

Thought says:

“What is my purpose?”
“How do I fit in?”
“What is my destiny?”
“What should I accomplish?”

Thought wants life to be a straight line
from birth to achievement to significance to death.

But life is not linear.
It is not a story.
It is not a design.

Life is movement—
non-personal,
non-directional,
ever-changing,
ever-flowing.

Thought, which wants structure,
cannot tolerate the fluidity of existence.

So, it imposes meaning.

But imposed meaning is artificial.

When the "Me" Ends, Life Is Seen

When the "me," the observer, the seeker, becomes silent—
not suppressed,
not controlled,
not forced,
but naturally quiet through understanding—
then something extraordinary happens.

Life is seen without filter.

Without interpretation.
Without craving.
Without fear.

Then a very simple, astonishing truth reveals itself:

Life does not have meaning.
Life is meaning.

Meaning is in the movement itself—
in the living of each moment without distortion.

Life has no purpose outside itself.
The flower does not bloom to reach heaven.
The river does not flow in order to achieve enlightenment.
The bird does not sing to Fulfill destiny.

They are expressions of life,
not seekers of meaning.

You too are an expression of life—
but thought has separated you

from the vast movement of existence.

When the illusion of a separate self end,
you realize:

Life is not for anything.
Life simply is.

And this “isness” is sacred.

The Intelligence of Simply Living

A mind free of psychological demand
lives life wholly.

It observes without choice.
It listens without bias.
It acts without fear.
It responds with clarity.
It loves without attachment.
It meets sorrow without escape.
It meets joy without clinging.

Such a mind does not ask:

“What is my purpose?”
“Why do I exist?”
“What should I do?”

Those questions arise only when the “me” feels insecure.

When the “me” dissolves,
life reveals an intelligence of its own.

An intelligence that is not yours or mine—

not personal,
not separate.

It is the intelligence of life itself.

This intelligence brings its own order,
its own rhythm,
its own beauty.

So, What Is the Meaning of Life?

If you ask with fear—
you will receive a fearful answer.

If you ask with desire—
you will receive a desirable answer.

If you ask with ambition—
you will receive an ambitious answer.

But if you ask with a mind that is deeply attentive,
free of motive,
free of expectation,
free of belief—

the answer is not verbal.

It comes as a perception:

Life is meaningful only when lived fully,
moment by moment,
with total awareness.

Meaning is not found in books.
Not in theories.

Not in scriptures.
Not in gurus.

Meaning is found in living.

Living without the burden of becoming.
Living without fear.
Living without illusion.
Living without conflict.

When the mind is quiet,
life reveals its beauty.

And that beauty is the meaning.

The Ending of the Seeker

The mind seeking meaning
is running away from the emptiness inside it.

Look at that emptiness—
not escape from it.

Look at the loneliness,
the fear,
the uncertainty.

Do not cover it with belief or philosophy.

When you look at emptiness without running away,
you discover:

The emptiness is not real.
It is created by thought.

And when that emptiness disappears,
the seeker disappears.

When the seeker disappears,
life is no longer a puzzle.

Life simply is—
and in that “isness”
there is immense joy,
immense clarity,
immense beauty.

The Profound Simplicity

The mind that demands meaning is confused.
The mind that sees clearly has no demand.

To such a mind, life is:

pure movement,
pure freedom,
pure awareness.

Not to be understood through thought,
but to be lived.

Not to be measured,
but to be met.

Not to be defined,
but to be experienced with freshness.

The meaning of life is not a concept—
it is a direct perception
when the mind is free of fear

and free of the illusion of the separate “me.”

In that freedom,
life becomes a sacred thing—
not holy in the religious sense,
but sacred in its beauty,
in its wholeness,
in its immense mystery.

The mystery is not something to be solved.
It is something to be lived.

Life has no purpose outside itself;
it is complete in the very living of each moment.
When the self ends, meaning begins.

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Questioner:
Sir, may I ask you something very simple, but perhaps very difficult?

Teacher:
Of course.

Questioner:
What is the meaning of life?
Why are we here at all?
What is the purpose of existence?

The teacher looked at him, not with surprise, but with a deep, listening silence.

The Weight Behind the Question

Teacher:
Are you asking because you are curious?
Or because life seems empty, confused, without direction?

Questioner:
Both, sir. There are moments of joy, yes… but mostly there is confusion — endless work, ambition, striving, conflict, disappointment. Everywhere there is chaos. And I look at this and ask: Why all this? What for?

The teacher nodded slowly.

Teacher:
You see, when the mind is confused, it searches for meaning.
It hopes that meaning will end confusion.
But the confusion belongs to the mind — not to life.

Life itself is extraordinarily simple.
It is the mind that has made life complex.

The Mind That Seeks Purpose

Teacher:
Why do you seek a purpose for life?

Questioner:
Because without purpose, life feels empty. Useless.

Teacher:
That emptiness is in you, not in life.
And because you feel empty, you want life to fill that emptiness with meaning.

You want a purpose given by God,
or by a philosopher,

or by a book,
or by a guru,
or by society.

But that is like a hungry man imagining feasts —
the imagination is not food.

Questioner:
Then are you saying life has no purpose?

Teacher:
Listen carefully.
When the mind is seeking a purpose, the mind is escaping what is.

The search for meaning is an escape from sorrow, from fear, from loneliness, from the ache of existence.

Life Is Not Separate from You

Teacher:
When you ask, "What is the meaning of life?"
you are asking as though life were something separate from you.
Some grand design out there, while you are here.

But you are life.

The fears, the hopes, the pleasures, the pains, the laughter, the tears —
all that is life.

When you ask for a meaning outside life,
you are denying the living movement of life itself.

Questioner:
But why am I alive? Why is anyone alive?

Teacher:
Why do flowers bloom?
Why does the river flow?
Why do the stars burn in silence?
Why does the bird fly?
Why does the tree grow toward the sun?

Life moves because life is movement.
Life exists because life exists — not to fulfil a purpose.

Purpose is the invention of thought.

The Trap of Purpose

Teacher:
Look at the danger.
When you say, "Life must have a purpose,"
you will project your own conditioning onto that purpose.

If you are ambitious, life's purpose is achievement.
If you are religious, life's purpose is salvation.
If you are scientific, life's purpose is to evolve.
If you are depressed, life's purpose seems meaningless.

Purpose is always coloured by the mind that seeks it.

Therefore, any purpose you discover will not be the truth —
it will be your own projection.

Questioner:
Then you are saying the purpose of life cannot be known?

Teacher:
Life does not need purpose.
Only the fragmented human mind needs purpose.

The Distortion of the "Me"

Teacher:
Let us go deeper.
Why does the mind ask for purpose?

Because the "me" —
the ego, the self —
is uncertain, insecure, frightened.

It feels small in the face of an enormous universe.

So, it asks:

"What am I here for?"
"What is my role?"
"Where am I going?"
"Will I be rewarded?"
"Does my life matter?"

This "me" wants to be permanent.
It wants meaning because meaning gives comfort.

But the "me" itself is the source of sorrow, conflict, and contradiction.

As long as the "me" exists,
you will never understand life.

Life Has No Answer to the "Me"

Questioner:
Are you saying the ‘me’ must end?

Teacher:
The “me” is a movement of thought —
a bundle of memories, fears, desires, images, hopes.

Thought has created this center
and then asks life to give meaning to its own creation.

Thought asks,
“Why am I here?”
But the “I” who asks is itself an illusion — a construction of thought.

Life does not answer illusions.

Life answers only when the illusion ends.

Seeing Without a Center

Teacher:
Now see something miraculous.

When the “me” is silent,
life does not need meaning.

Have you ever watched a sunset without thinking?
Have you ever gazed at the stars without asking why they exist?
Have you held a child’s hand without wanting anything in return?
Have you listened to the wind in the trees without interpreting?

In those moments —
when thought is quiet —
life is extraordinarily beautiful.

In that silence,
life reveals its essence.

Questioner:
And what is that essence?

Teacher:
A pure, unbroken movement of creation, destruction, and renewal.
A sacredness that cannot be captured in words.
An intelligence that is beyond purpose.

The Meaningless Meaning That Liberates

Teacher:
You see, the meaning of life is not something to be found.
It is something to be lived.

Life is not asking you to accomplish anything.
It is not asking you to be special.
It is not asking you to be successful, spiritual, or important.

It is simply asking you to be aware.

Aware of your thoughts, your reactions, your relationships, your fears, your joys.

In that awareness,
life unfolds without distortion.

Meaning is not a goal —

it is a byproduct of understanding yourself.

Love — The Only Flame

Questioner:
But then what is left? If life has no purpose, what remains?

Teacher:
Love.

But not the love that is pleasure or attachment or dependency.

When the mind is free of the "me,"
there is compassion —
an immense, impersonal love.

In that love there is no fear,
no ambition,
no comparison,
no jealousy,
no competition.

That love is the true fragrance of life.

And that love does not need purpose.

Questioner:
Is that the meaning of life? To love?

Teacher:
Love has no meaning.
Love is life.

The Ending of the "Me" Is the Beginning of Living

Teacher:
When the “me” ends —
not through discipline,
not through suppression,
not through control,
but through choiceless awareness —
then freedom flowers.

In that freedom there is clarity.
In clarity there is intelligence.
In intelligence there is compassion.

Life becomes a movement of beauty.

And then you never ask again,
“What is the meaning of life?”
Because you are living it fully,
even in a single breath.

The Silence After Truth

For a long while,
both sat silently under the tamarind tree.

The evening breeze grew cooler.
A single leaf fell, twisting in the air,
landing softly on the ground.

The questioner finally whispered:

Questioner:
Sir… I think I understand.

The teacher smiled gently.

Teacher:
Understanding is not in words.
Understanding is in seeing.

See life without the “me,”
and life itself becomes sacred.

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Before the question, the silence

Before we ask why life exists,
before we search for purpose or meaning,
before we project our hopes, fears, and beliefs onto the universe—
there must be silence.

Because the mind that seeks purpose
is the same mind that seeks security.

And a mind that is frightened
cannot see what is.

So let us begin
not with answers,
but with a silence vast enough
to hold the stars.

The birth of the stars, the birth of the question

Look at the night sky.

Every star you see
is the dying memory of a light
that left its home millions of years ago.

The calcium in your bones,
the iron in your blood,
the carbon in your cells—
all were forged in the womb of exploding suns.

Life is not separate from the universe.
Life is the universe,
taking a temporary form
as a human body,
as a tree,
as a bird,
as you.

But the moment thought appears,
the moment the “me” is born,
a strange question arises:

“Why am I alive?
What is my purpose?”

The universe does not ask this.
Only the self-created “me” does.

The cosmic fall of the “me”

Thought, which is useful in building a rocket,
useful in surgery and mathematics,
suddenly turns inward
and begins to invent meaning.

It says:

“I must become something.”
“I must achieve.”
“I must Fulfill a destiny.”

“I must find God.”
“I must find purpose.”

But the “me” that seeks purpose
is itself a product of thought.

And thought is limited.
Narrow.
Conditioned.
Bound to memory.

How can the limited
find the meaning of the limitless?

How can the fragment
understand the whole?

It cannot.

So, the “me” suffers.

Purpose is the invention of fear

We ask “What is the meaning of life?”
because we are afraid to live without a map.

We want life to guarantee something:

• security
• continuity
• success
• heaven
• achievement
• spiritual reward
• cosmic recognition

We want a path from “what is”
to “what should be.”

But life has no “should.”

Life simply is.

The universe does not promise meaning.
It does not promise enlightenment.
It does not promise salvation.

Life is not a business contract
between you and God.

Meaning is demanded only by the frightened mind.

Life is not separate from the whole

Life is not your story,
your ambition,
your name,
your identity.

Life is a vast, immeasurable movement:

the pulsation of galaxies,
the birth and death of stars,
the flowering of a tree,
the migration of birds,
the laughter of a child,
the stillness of dawn.

In that vast movement,
your body is a momentary wave.

The wave does not ask the ocean for meaning.
It is the ocean.

You are not a separate being
looking for the purpose of life.

You are life itself.

To see this is the beginning of freedom.

When the “me” ends, the cosmic intelligence begins

The question “Why does life exist?”
comes from a fragment.

But when the fragment drops,
when the movement of “me” dissolves,
what remains?

A vast stillness.
A sense of sacredness.
A cosmic intelligence
that is not yours or mine.

An intelligence that is not created by thought,
not born of fear,
not shaped by belief.

It is the same intelligence
that moves the planets in their orbits,
that keeps the stars burning,
that makes a seed split the earth
and rise toward the sun.

When the self ends,
that intelligence flows through you.

And in that flow
there is no search for purpose.

There is only living.

Living completely.
Living abundantly.
Living without fear.
Living without division.

The meaning of life is to see without distortion

When the mind is free of the past,
free of conditioning,
free of ambition,
free of comparison,
free of the illusion of "me,"

then life reveals itself.

It reveals that:

Life has no meaning—
and that is its beauty.

Meaning implies a destination.
Life is a journey without destination.

Meaning implies a goal.
Life has no goal beyond living.

Meaning implies a reward.

Life offers no reward except itself.

Life is not something to be understood—
it is something to be lived.

The beauty of a flower
is in its existence,
not in its purpose.

The beauty of life
is in its movement,
not in its meaning.

Purpose ends, life begins

So, what is the meaning of life?

To ask the question deeply
is to see the movement of thought.

To see the movement of thought
is to end the illusion of the "me."

To end the "me"
is to awaken a cosmic intelligence.

And when that intelligence is awake,
life no longer needs meaning.

Because life itself becomes sacred,
immense,
vast,
timeless.

The universe is not asking you to become anything.

It is only inviting you to see.

To see the beauty without naming it.
To see the sorrow without escaping it.
To see the mind without controlling it.
To see oneself without the "self."

Where there is such seeing,
life flowers.

And that flowering
is the only true purpose of existence.

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Human beings have asked for millennia:
"What is the meaning of life? Why does life exist at all? What is its purpose?"

Every religion, every philosopher, every teacher, every poet has attempted an answer.
Some say life has a divine plan.
Some say life is accidental.
Some say life is a test, a preparation for the next world.
Some say life itself is meaningless, and we must create meaning.

But all these answers are second-hand.
They come from books, from tradition, from beliefs, from fear, from authority.
And anything that comes from outside, from hearsay, from dogma, cannot reveal truth.

To discover the meaning of life,
the mind must begin from freedom,

not from borrowed answers.

THE MIND THAT DEMANDS PURPOSE

When you ask, “What is the purpose of life?”,
observe your own mind.

The mind wants security.
A definitive answer gives security.
A purpose gives direction, comfort, stability.

If someone says,
“Life’s purpose is to serve God” …
or
“Life’s purpose is to be successful” …
or
“Life’s purpose is to continue the species” …
the mind feels relieved.

But that relief is the escape from uncertainty—
not the discovery of truth.

The question is:
Can the mind look at life without escaping into purpose?

Because the moment you seek a purpose,
you reduce life to a small, narrow corridor defined by your fear and conditioning.

WHAT IF LIFE HAS NO PURPOSE?

This is not a pessimistic statement.
It is a liberating one.

Purpose implies a goal.

A goal implies direction.
Direction implies time.
Time implies becoming.

And becoming implies struggle, comparison, ambition, fear.

If you say life's purpose is enlightenment,
you reduce life to a reward.
If you say life's purpose is devotion,
you reduce life to an achievement.
If you say life's purpose is service,
you reduce life to a moral obligation.

But life is not a movement toward something.
Life is.

Like a flower blooming,
like a bird singing at dawn,
like flowing water,
like a newborn's cry—
life is a movement without motive.

When the mind demands meaning,
it imposes its own noise on the vast silence of existence.

LIFE IS TO BE LIVED, NOT INTERPRETED

Observe a sunset.
Observe a mountain.
Observe a river flowing silently in the evening.

Do they ask,
"What is my purpose?"

A tree does not ask why it grows.

A bird does not ask why it flies.
The ocean does not ask why it rises and falls.

Only the human mind asks this question—
because the human mind lives in conflict, contradiction, loneliness, fear.
Out of this suffering, it seeks meaning.

But meaning created by thought is not the truth of existence.

Life is enormously vast, limitless, sacred—
no purpose invented by thought can contain it.

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS FOUND IN FREEDOM, NOT IN IDEAS

When the mind is silent,
when fear is absent,
when the "me" with its demands and ambitions ends,
there is a different quality of perception.

In that silence, life reveals itself.

Life is relationship.
Life is sensitivity.
Life is compassion.
Life is awareness.
Life is intelligence in operation.
Life is love.

When the self is quiet,
the mind sees that life is not separate from itself.

The observer is the observed.
Life is not "out there"—

it is happening in every breath,
every movement of thought,
every feeling, every step.

The meaning of life is not an answer—
it is the living of life without distortion.

PERHAPS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS TO BE A LIGHT TO ONESELF

Not to follow anyone.
Not to imitate.
Not to obey.
Not to worship.
Not to seek.
Not to become.

But to see.

To see the total movement of your consciousness.
To see fear and end it.
To see desire and understand it.
To see thought and not be enslaved by it.
To see sorrow and dissolve it.
To see love without attachment.
To see death as a part of living.

In this understanding,
life flowers naturally.

Life becomes a vast, sacred mystery—
not something to be solved,
but something to be lived.

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Questioner: Sir, what is the meaning of life? Why do we exist? What is our purpose?

Answer: When you ask that question, what is happening inside you?

Questioner: I want an answer. I want to know why I am here.

Answer: Yes, but who is asking?
Is it not the mind seeking comfort, clarity, direction?

Questioner: Yes, perhaps.

Answer: The mind wants to escape uncertainty.
So, it invents a purpose: God, heaven, success, virtue, enlightenment.
But these are all projections of thought.

Thought is always seeking security.
Purpose becomes another form of security.

Questioner: Are you saying life has no purpose?

Answer: I am saying: first see the truth of your own demand. The moment you seek purpose; you escape from what life actually is.

Life is not tomorrow.
Life is now.

Life is the movement of relationships,
the movement of thought,
the movement of feeling.

Questioner: But don't we need a direction in life?

Answer: Direction implies a goal.
A goal implies becoming.
Becoming implies fear.

Where there is fear, there cannot be love.
Without love, what is the meaning of life?

Questioner: Then what should I do?

Answer: Look.
Observe.
Be aware.

Not of some cosmic purpose—
that is an escape.
Be aware of yourself.
Your fears, your desires, your sorrow, your ambitions.

When the mind looks without motive,
there is clarity.

In that clarity,
life reveals itself without your search.

Then the question "Why do we exist?"
no longer arises.

Because to exist becomes sacred.

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Before stars were born,
before galaxies swirled in spirals of fire,

before time had a name—
there was silence.

Out of that silence came a spark,
a whisper of energy
that expanded into everything.

Atoms became dust,
dust became stars,
stars became planets,
planets became oceans,
oceans became life.

And among the countless forms of life,
one species asked:

Why?
Why am I here?
What is the meaning?
What is the purpose?

But the universe never answers.

Not because it is indifferent—
but because the question is wrong.

The rose does not ask why it blooms.
The moon does not ask why it circles.
The river does not ask why it flows.

Purpose is a concept created by the human mind,
not by the cosmos.

The universe invites you not to ask,
but to see.

To see the immensity of creation.
To see the miracle of awareness.
To see the dance of thought and the stillness beyond thought.

When the “me” dissolves into the vastness,
there is no seeker,
no meaning to chase,
no purpose to fulfil.

There is only
the cosmic pulse of existence—
timeless, sacred, infinite.

This flowering of awareness
is the meaning.

THE PURPOSELESS BEAUTY OF BEING

What is the purpose of a sunrise?
To paint the sky?
To warm the earth?
Or simply to shine?

What is the purpose of a bird?
To fly?
To sing?
Or simply to be alive?

What is the purpose of a flower?
To be admired?
To decorate a room?
Or simply to bloom?

And what is the purpose of life?

Perhaps none.
Perhaps everything.

Perhaps purpose is the mind's invention,
a cage built to tame the wildness of existence.

Life is not a question to be answered
but a song to be heard,
a river to be touched,
a breath to be lived.

When the mind stops seeking purpose,
the heart opens like a window at dawn.

And in that opening,
life reveals itself—

vast,
mysterious,
purposeless,
and therefore
infinitely sacred.

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PEACE

The Human Demand for Peace

Every human being, whether in a crowded city or a small village,
whether rich or poor,
religious or non-religious,
seeks one thing:

Peace.

Not only peace from war,
but peace from inner conflict—
the constant agitation of thought,
the endless struggle of desire,
the ache of loneliness,
the fear of losing,
the burden of becoming.

We want peace in our homes,
in our relationships,
between nations,
between communities,
between beliefs.

And after thousands of years,
with our temples, our scriptures, our prayers,
our treaties, our institutions—
we still do not have peace.

Why?

Because human beings want peace as an idea,

but refuse to look at the source of conflict,
which is within themselves.

Peace outside cannot exist
when the mind inside is violent, divided, ambitious, fearful.

Why Peace Cannot Be Achieved Through Effort

We think peace is something to be achieved by effort:

- "I must meditate to be peaceful."
- "I must practice non-violence."
- "I must control my anger."
- "I must forgive."
- "I must discipline myself."

This "I must" is the root of the problem.

It is the self, the "me," that is trying to become peaceful.

But the very movement of "me becoming something"
is conflict.

Understand this deeply:

All effort to achieve peace is born of conflict,
therefore, it can only produce more conflict.

Peace cannot be produced by will.
It cannot be created by discipline.
It cannot be forced by authority.

Peace comes naturally
when the source of disturbance ends.

The Root of Disturbance: The Fragmented Mind

Human beings live inwardly in fragments:

- The self that is ambitious
- The self that is afraid
- The self that wants success
- The self that wants approval
- The self that feels hurt
- The self that wants pleasure
- The self that wants to escape suffering

This fragmentation is created by thought.

Thought says:

"I am this."
"I should be that."
"I must become something more."
"I am better."
"I am worse."

And where there is division,
there must be conflict.

So long as the mind is fragmented,
there can be no peace.

Not in the heart.
Not in the home.
Not in society.
Not in the world.

Because the inner division is projected outward
as conflict between individuals,
between communities,
between nations.

The world is at war
because the human mind is at war with itself.

Ending Inner Conflict: Choiceless Awareness

Then the question naturally arises:

How is conflict to end?
How is the mind to become peaceful?

Not through suppression.
Not through analysis.
Not through discipline.
Not through escape.
Not through belief.
Not through gurus.

Conflict ends only through observation
—pure observation without choice.

This is choiceless awareness.

To observe anger as it arises
without condemning it,
without justifying it,
without escaping it—
just watching it like a bird in the sky.

To observe fear
without trying to overcome it.

To observe desire
without chasing or suppressing it.

To observe comparison
without trying to stop it.

To observe the self—the "me"—
as a movement of thought
creating division.

When you watch any psychological movement
without resistance and without pursuit,
the movement quiets down naturally,
easily, effortlessly.

Awareness does not suppress thought
—it ends its disorder.

And when the mind is quiet,
peace is already there.

Peace is not something you achieve.
It is something revealed
when the noise of thought ends.

Peace Outside Is the Expression of Peace Inside

A peaceful mind acts without conflict.

It speaks without aggression.
It listens without defensiveness.
It relates without expectations.
It lives without fear.

Such a mind does not create violence,
does not spread hatred,
does not impose division.

A peaceful person
becomes a light in the family,
a nucleus of harmony at work,
a center of clarity in society.

One quiet mind is more powerful
than a thousand agitated minds.

Peace outside is not created by governments, religions, or institutions.
It begins in the human heart
and radiates outward like fragrance.

Inner peace is the seed.
Outer peace is the flower.

Without the seed,
the flower cannot exist.

The Real Question

So, the question is not:

"How do I create peace?"

The real question is:

"Can I observe my inner turmoil without resistance?"

Because it is resistance that strengthens turmoil.

Look at fear without trying to end it.
Look at anger without calling it wrong.
Look at jealousy without guilt.
Look at ambition without justifying it.

Look at hurt without running away.

In that watching,
a miracle happens:

Seeing itself ends suffering.
Understanding itself ends disorder.
Awareness itself is peace.

Peace is not cultivated.
It is discovered.

It is not the result of effort.
It is the result of insight.

The moment you see the movement of thought clearly,
the mind becomes silent.

And in that silence,
not created by discipline
but born of understanding—
peace flowers.

Peace inside is the ending of inner conflict.
Peace outside is the reflection of inner peace.

A divided mind cannot create a peaceful world.

But a quiet mind,
a mind that sees without distortion,
a mind free of fear and ambition—
such a mind is peace.

And where there is peace in the mind,

there is peace in the home.
Where there is peace in the home,
there is peace in society.
Where there is peace in society,
there is peace in the world.

Peace begins with you—
not with what you should be,
but with seeing clearly what you are.

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Questioner:
Sir, the world outside is becoming more violent every year—wars, cruelty, anger everywhere. And inside myself too there is conflict, fear, restlessness. How can there be peace inside and outside?

Teacher:
Sir, before we ask how to bring peace, must we not first understand why there is no peace? The "how" is an escape, a method, and all methods are mechanical. Peace is not the result of a method.
So let us begin with the fact—not what should be, but what is.

Inside you there is conflict, is there not?

Questioner:
Yes, sir. A kind of turbulence, sometimes very subtle, sometimes intense.

Teacher:

And the outer world is only an extension of the inner world. The violence in the world is the collective expression of the violence in each human being.
When you are angry, greedy, ambitious, afraid—you are the world, because every human carries the same movement.

Please see this as truth—not as an idea.

The Illusion of Two Peaces

Questioner:
But sir, outer peace seems different from inner peace. Outside there are bombs. Inside there is my small private struggle.

Teacher:
Is it small, sir?
Your anger, your fears, your ambitions—are they small?
From the ambition of one man springs the conflict between two men.
From the ambition of a nation springs the conflict between nations.

What you call "outer conflict" is only the multiplication of your own conflict.

The world is not separate from you.
You are the world.

When you insult someone, when you look down on someone, when you crave power—however small—those are the very roots of war.

The bomb begins in the heart long before it explodes on the ground.

Searching for Peace Is the Denial of Peace

Questioner:
Then how do I find peace?

Teacher:
If you seek peace, you will never find it.

Questioner:
Why do you say that?

Teacher:
Because the desire for peace is born out of conflict.
It is the continuation of conflict under a different name.

When you say, “I must be peaceful,” you create a division between what you are and what you should be. That division is conflict.
And conflict cannot produce peace.

Peace is not to be achieved.
Peace blossoms when conflict ends.

Understanding Conflict

Teacher:
Let us inquire: What is the root of conflict?

Questioner:
Desire? Fear? Comparison?

Teacher:
All these are expressions of something deeper.
The root of conflict is the me, the “self,” the psychological center which says:

- “I must succeed.”
- “I must be respected.”
- “I must become something greater.”
- “I must not fail.”

This self is constructed by thought—by memory, by experience, by conditioning.

The “me” wants security, certainty, permanency.
But life has no permanency.
So, the “me” is always in battle with life.

Questioner:
Are you saying the “me” itself is the cause of conflict?

Teacher:
Not saying—please observe it in yourself.
Whenever there is hurt, who is hurt?
Whenever there is fear, who is afraid?
Whenever there is jealousy, who is jealous?

It is always the “me,” is it not?

When the “me” ends, conflict ends.
And in the ending of conflict, peace is.

Can the Self End?

Questioner:
But sir… can the “me” actually end? It feels so strong.

Teacher:
It feels strong because you have nourished it every day with thought, with comparison, with desire, with fear.

The “me” is like smoke—dense because the fire of thought feeds it.

The question is not “How to end the ‘me’?”

The question is:

Can the movement of the ‘me’ be observed completely, choicelessly, without suppression or escape?

Where there is complete observation, the observer is the observed.
In that realization, the “me” ends without effort.

Peace does not require effort.
It requires insight.

Peace Is Not Withdrawal

Questioner:
Many say peace is withdrawing from the world—living in isolation.

Teacher:
That is not peace. That is escape.
You may sit in a cave, but you carry your mind with you.
Your fears, your ambitions, your memories—they travel with you.

Peace is not the absence of noise.
Peace is the absence of the self.

You may live in the heart of a city, and if the self has ended, there is peace.

You may live on a mountain, and if the self continues, there is conflict.

The Beauty of Attention

Teacher:
Sir, have you ever simply looked at a tree?

Not naming it. Not comparing it.
Not thinking whether it is useful or useless.

Just looking.

In that looking, there is no self.
There is only attention.

Attention is silence. And silence is peace.

Questioner:
But that peace doesn't last.

Teacher:
It lasts as long as the self does not interfere.

When the mind is fully attentive—even for a second—there is no conflict.
From that second, a new intelligence is born.

Conflict returns only when thought returns with its noise and demands.

The Ending of Fear

Questioner:
But how can I end fear? Fear seems to be everywhere.

Teacher:
You cannot end fear by resisting it.
Resistance strengthens what is resisted.

Fear ends only when you look at it completely, without escape.

Look at fear the way you would look at a flame—
without turning away, without naming it, without judging it.

In that complete seeing, fear unfolds and ends.
And when fear ends, peace begins naturally.

One cannot cultivate peace.
One can only understand fear.

Peace in Relationship

Questioner:
So, peace begins inside me. How does it move outward?

Teacher:
If you are peaceful, your relationships will naturally be peaceful.
Peace flows through relationship—not through isolation.

When there is no self, there is no hurt.
When there is no self, there is no comparison.
When there is no self, there is no possessiveness.
When there is no self, there is love.

And love is peace.

Not the sentimental, romantic thing.

Not attachment.
Not dependency.

Love is a state where the other is seen without distortion.
In that seeing, peace flowers.

Peace in Society

Questioner:
Can an individual's peace really transform society?

Teacher:
It is the only thing that ever has.

Society is not separate from individuals.
Society is the relationship between human beings.

If a handful of human beings break the chain of violence within themselves,
they change the quality of the mind of humanity.

And mind is not private.
Consciousness is shared.

When you end fear in yourself,
you do something immeasurably important for mankind.

That is peace. Not personal peace, but universal peace.

The Final Realization

Teacher:
Sir, peace is not a goal.
Peace is not a reward.
Peace is not an achievement.

Peace is the natural fragrance of a mind
that has understood itself.

When the self ends,
peace begins.

Not gradually.
Not tomorrow.
But instantly.

When you see the truth of conflict,
conflict ends.

And in that ending
is the beginning of an entirely new way of living.

Peace inside and outside
is one movement—
the movement of understanding.

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FLOWERING OF COMPASSION

The Prison Built by Thought

Most of us live inside a prison without knowing it.
The walls of that prison are not made of concrete;
they are made of thought.

Thought, with its memories, its conditioning,
its wounds, its fears, its ambitions,
has collected itself into one centre
and named that centre “me.”

And around this “me,”
thought has built a fortress
of beliefs, conclusions, opinions,
attachments, identities.

Thought says:

“I am this.”
“I am that.”
“This belongs to me.”
“I must become.”
“I must protect.”
“I fear losing.”

Thought has created the “me,”
and then the “me” becomes the master of thought.
A circle without beginning or end.

This “me”, born of time,
born of memory,
born of yesterday,

is an illusion.

Not because it does not function,
but because it is created
—manufactured by experience,
shaped by culture,
sustained by fear.

The “me” is the child of thought.
And thought itself is a fragment,
a small mechanical movement.

When the fragment tries to guide the whole of life,
inevitably there is disorder.

Why Thought Is an Illusion in the Psychological Field

Let us be very precise.

Thought is extraordinarily useful—
in science,
in technology,
in language,
in organizing daily life.

There thought is necessary.

But when thought enters the psychological field—
which means the field of relationship,
the field of the self,
the field of inner feeling—
thought becomes a distortion.

Why?

Because thought is old.
Thought is always the past.
Thought can only function through memory.
Thought is never free.

So, when thought tries to understand love,
it reduces love to an idea.
When thought tries to end fear,
it nurtures fear through analysis,
comparison,
escape.

When thought tries to bring peace,
it creates division—
my belief versus your belief,
my guru versus your guru,
my country versus your country,
my god versus your god.

Thought is divisive in its very nature.

Because thought is a fragment
and cannot see the whole.

And anything that fragments
must inevitably create conflict.

Thus, in the psychological field—
in the inward movement—
thought is an illusion.

It pretends to offer security
but gives none.

It pretends to offer clarity

but leads to confusion.

It pretends to offer identity
but creates isolation.

It pretends to offer love
but produces attachment.

It pretends to offer meaning
but generates belief.

Thought is a brilliant servant
but a catastrophic master.

When the Products of Thought Become Illusions

You ask:

"If thought is illusion,
are sorrow, fear, anger, jealousy—
which are products of thought—
also, illusions?"

Let us look slowly,
carefully,
without conclusion.

Sorrow exists.
Anger exists.
Fear exists.
Jealousy exists.

They are facts in the sense
that you feel them intensely.

But the movement that sustains them,
multiplies them,
projects them into tomorrow—
that movement is thought.

Thought says:

"I suffered yesterday.
I may suffer again tomorrow."

This extended movement of sorrow
is an illusion created by thought.

Thought says:

"I am afraid now…
I might be afraid later too."

Thought creates continuity of fear.

Thought says:

"He hurt me…
I must protect myself."

Thought repeats the wound.

So:

The fact is there—pain.
The continuity of pain—sorrow—
is illusion.

The fact is there—fear.
The projection of fear—

is illusion.

The fact is there—hurt.
The accumulation of hurt—
is illusion.

It is the thinking about the emotion
that gives the emotion its poisonous continuity.

The raw sensation is real.
The psychological story around it is illusion.

Awareness: The Flame That Burns Illusion

Now comes the central question:

"If thought is illusion,
how does illusion end?"

It ends through awareness,
not through effort.

Awareness is the seeing of what is
without distortion.

Awareness is observation
without the observer.

Awareness is listening
without interpretation.

Awareness is the silent perception
in which thought has no authority.

And because awareness is light,

illusion cannot survive in that light.

When you observe fear
without escape,
without naming,
without resisting,
without analysing—
the observer ends.

And in that ending,
fear dissolves.

When you observe anger
without justification,
without suppression—
anger ends.

When you observe desire
without condemning or feeding—
desire loses its grip.

Awareness does not fight illusion.
It simply sees.

Seeing is action.
Seeing is transformation.
Seeing is freedom.

The choiceless awareness of the illusion
is the ending of illusion.

The Birth of Silence

When illusion dissolves
because you see it clearly,

thought naturally becomes quiet.

Not suppressed.
Not controlled.
Not disciplined.

But quiet as a lake
when there is no wind.

This quietness is not dullness.
It is not sleep.
It is not the silence of effort.

It is the silence of understanding.

In this silence
there is no centre,
no “me,”
no division,
no resistance.

There is only clarity.

Silence is not cultivated.
Silence is not achieved.
Silence arrives when conflict ends.

And conflict ends
when illusion ends.

The Flowering of Compassion

From this silence
something extraordinary blossoms.

Compassion.

Not the compassion of charity,
not the compassion of duty,
not the compassion of religion,
but a compassion that emerges naturally
when the “me” has dissolved.

As long as the “me” exists
there can be no compassion,
because the “me” is concerned only with itself.

But when the illusion of the “me” ends,
the heart is free.

And in that freedom,
naturally, effortlessly,
there is compassion.

Compassion is not desire.
Compassion is not sentiment.
Compassion is not pity.

Compassion is the highest form of intelligence.

Compassion is the perfume of a mind
untouched by illusion.

Compassion is action
without motive.

Compassion is love
without attachment.

Compassion is clarity in movement.

The Immense Beauty of a Mind Without Illusion

A mind free of illusion
free of the "me,"
free of thought's psychological tyranny,
becomes extraordinarily simple.

Not simple in ignorance,
but simple in innocence.

It sees clearly.
It responds freely.
It loves effortlessly.
It lives without fear.

Such a mind is both empty and full—
empty of illusion,
full of intelligence.

It is like a sky without pollution,
like a river without obstruction,
like a flame that burns unendingly.

This mind is compassionate,
not because it tries to be,
but because compassion is its nature.

When illusion ends,
truth begins.

And when truth flowers,
life becomes holy.

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Questioner:
Sir, you often say thought is an illusion.
But thought seems so real—my fears, my hopes, my identity, my memories…
How can something that feels so real be an illusion?

Answer:
My friend, let us go slowly.
We must begin by understanding what we mean by the word illusion.
An illusion is something created by the mind which has no actuality in itself.
It may have sensory vividness, emotional force, historical continuity—
but still, it is not what is.

So let us inquire, not accepting what I say, but observing together.

The Nature of Thought

What is thought?
It is the response of memory, experience, knowledge—
all of which are past.
Thought is always old.

The moment you say, "I think…,"
that thinking is born from yesterday.

Q:
But without thought, sir, I cannot function.

A:
Of course.

Thought is absolutely necessary in the field of technology—
to build a house, fly an airplane, perform a surgery, write a poem technically.
There thought is precise, factual, measurable.

But in the psychological field—
that is, the field of fear, sorrow, loneliness, ambition, jealousy, hurt—
thought operates in the same mechanical way.
And there is the mischief.

The Mechanical Mind Enters the Heart

Thought sees an image of you yesterday saying something hurtful.
It carries that image into today.
Then thought says, "You hurt me."
But the event is over.
Only the image remains.

It is this image that becomes "me."

Q:
Are you saying the "me" is also an illusion?

A:
Let us look carefully.
What is the "me"?
It is your name, form, beliefs, experiences, memories, wounds, ambitions, fears.

All this is put together by thought.
Thought says, "This is me."

The "me" is a bundle of memories.

Is that not so?

Q:
Yes… but the memories feel real.

A:
Their emotional content is real, yes.
But the entity that claims ownership—
the "I,"
the psychological center,
the controller—
is a fabrication of thought.

Thought has invented a controller separate from the thing to be controlled.

This division is illusion.

How Illusion Creates Sorrow

Thought creates the "me,"
and the "me" is always comparing, competing, wanting, fearing, resenting.
Thought then tries to fix the wounds it created.

Like a thief pretending to be a policeman.

Q:
So, fear, jealousy, ambition—are they illusions too?

A:
They are products of the illusion.
They are real as experiences—
but their root is false.

Fear exists because thought projects the past into the future.
Jealousy exists because thought compares images.
Sorrow continues because thought clings to memory.

Remove the root illusion,
and these movements lose their nourishment.

Just as cutting the root ends the tree.

Seeing the Illusion Directly

Q:
How do I end this illusion, sir?
By practicing awareness?
By meditation?

A:
Any practice implies time.
Time implies the "me" continuing.
And the "me" is the very illusion we are trying to understand.

So, practices strengthen the illusion,
they do not dissolve it.

Q:
Then what am I to do?

A:
See the movement of thought as it is.
Not suppressing, not judging, not escaping—
just observing.

A thought arises:
"I am not appreciated."
"I am lonely."

“I want to be successful.”

If you observe without naming,
without running away,
without condemning—
the thought shows its entire structure.

In that seeing, the illusion begins to fade.

The Birth of Silence

When illusion is seen as illusion,
the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet.
This quietness is not practiced, not forced, not cultivated.

It is like a storm that suddenly exhausts itself.

Silence is what remains
when the noise of the “me” ends.

This silence is not the opposite of sound.
It is the silence of a mind that is not seeking,
not driven, not frightened.

A mind in which there is no division—
no observer separate from the observed.

Out of Silence—Compassion

Q:
And compassion, sir?
Where does that come from?

A:
When the illusion of the “me” ends,

there is no center from which selfishness can operate.

Then the mind is like a still lake—
reflecting everything clearly,
without distortion.

In that stillness,
in that immense quiet,
there awakens something immeasurable—
a tenderness,
a sensitivity
to every living thing.

This is compassion.

Compassion is not sentiment.
Not pity.
Not charity.
Not virtue.

Compassion is the absence of the self.

Where there is no “me,”
there is love.

Q:
Sir, I see now.
Thought is necessary, but limited.
Thought created the “me,”
and the “me” created conflict.
Seeing this clearly ends the illusion.
And in that ending, silence is born.
And from silence, compassion flowers.

Is that right?

A:
Not because I say so, my friend.
But because you have seen it.

Truth is not something taught.
It is something discovered—
in the very act of observing the movement of your own mind.

And that observation itself
is the beginning of freedom.

The hall becomes still.
The birds outside can be heard.
The leaves rustle gently.

No one speaks.

For in that shared silence,
each one realizes:

The end of illusion
is the beginning of a new mind—
a mind unburdened,
untouched by conflict,
filled with compassion.

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THOUGHT: BLESSING OR BURDEN?

Why do you compare man with trees, stars, rivers? They have no thought. We are blessed with thought."

Are We Blessed with Thought?

Questioner: Sir, why do you compare man with trees, rivers, stars?
They don't have thought.
We are blessed with thought.
Isn't thought what makes us superior?

Answer: Are you so sure it is a blessing?
Let us look at it together, patiently, without conclusions.

A tree does not create war.
A star does not divide itself from another star.
The river does not say, "This is my bank and that is yours."
They live in harmony with the order of nature.

Man has thought—
and with thought he has built extraordinary things:
bridges, poems, medicine, art, technology.

But with the same thought
he has also built division, fear, conflict, sorrow.

So is thought a blessing,
or is it a tool that we do not know how to use?

Questioner: But without thought we couldn't function.

Answer: I am not talking of functional thought.

We need that.
To speak a language, to drive a car, to do a surgery—
all that requires thought.

Functional thought is not the problem.

It is psychological thought that is the difficulty:
“I am this and not that,”
“My belief is superior,”
“My country, your country,”
“My success, your failure,”
“My god, your god.”

This kind of thought is the source of human conflict.
The tree does not have this problem.
The star does not suffer this agony.

Questioner: But doesn’t thought give us intelligence?

Answer: Thought gives skill, memory, calculation.
That is not intelligence.

Intelligence is the capacity to see the whole.
Thought can never see the whole—
it only sees fragments.

When you say thought is a blessing,
you speak from the fragment.

A knife is useful,
but if the hand holding the knife is blind,
it becomes dangerous.

Thought is like that knife.

Questioner: Are you saying thought is the cause of suffering?

Answer: I am not saying—just look.

Thought remembers hurt and continues it.
Thought invents the image of "me"
and defends that image with violence.
Thought compares itself endlessly with others
and lives in envy and fear.

A star does not envy.
A tree does not seek psychological security.
Only man suffers in this way.

So, when we look at nature—trees, birds, stars—
we are not comparing their structure to ours.
We are observing a fundamental truth:

Where thought does not interfere, there is order.
Where thought interferes psychologically, there is disorder.

Questioner: But then what is the right place of thought?

Answer: Thought has its place—
in the field of science, communication, function.

But thought has no place
in the understanding of sorrow, love, death, or freedom.

When thought knows its limits,
there is harmony.

When thought claims to be the master,
there is confusion.

Questioner: So thought is not a blessing or a curse?

Answer: Thought is simply a tool.
It becomes a blessing when used where it belongs.
It becomes a curse when it enters the psychological realm.

The tree, the star, the river—
they show us existence without conflict.
They show us what life is
when the mind does not create division.

They are mirrors, not comparisons.

Questioner: Then what is the right relationship to thought?

Answer: To see thought as thought—
not as the master,
not as the controller,
but as a movement of memory.

When you see this clearly,
thought naturally becomes quiet.

And in that quietness,
there is something far greater than thought—
an intelligence untouched by memory.

That intelligence is not in the tree,
not in the star, not in thought—
but in awareness.

And that awareness is the source of true blessing.

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Man: Why do you compare us with trees, rivers, stars?
They don't think.
We are blessed with thought.

Teacher: Are you blessed—or burdened?

A tree never wages war.
A star never divides itself from another.
A river never says, "This bank is mine."

Man: But thought makes us superior.

Teacher: Thought has given skill—
but it has also given fear, conflict, sorrow.
A knife is useful,
but in the hand of confusion, it becomes dangerous.

Man: But we need thought.

Teacher: For driving a car, doing surgery, building a house—yes.
For comparing, fearing, hurting, boasting—no.

Functional thought is useful.
Psychological thought is the root of disorder.

Man: So thought is the problem?

Teacher: Thought is the problem when it doesn't know its place.
Thought cannot love.
Thought cannot be peaceful.
Thought cannot see the whole.

But thought pretends to—

and that pretence is human misery.

Man: Then why do you point to trees and stars?

Teacher: To show you a simple fact:

Where thought does not interfere, there is order.
Where thought interferes, there is confusion.

Nature is not your model;
it is a mirror.

Man: So thought is neither blessing nor curse?

Teacher: It's a tool.
Used rightly, it builds.
Used wrongly, it destroys.

The true blessing is not thought—
but the awareness that sees thought clearly.

When thought knows its limits,
everything falls into harmony.

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A man once asked the teacher with a note of irritation in his voice:

"Why do you compare human beings with trees, rivers, stars?
They don't think.
We are blessed with thought."

The teacher looked at him quietly for a long moment—

not as a guru looking at a follower,
but as a human being looking at another human being
caught in the machinery of his own assumptions.

The Assumption of Superiority

We take it for granted that thought makes us superior.
We assume that because we can build bridges,
write poems,
calculate distances to distant planets,
we are therefore higher than the rest of life.

We say,
“Only we have thought; therefore, we are blessed.”

But look carefully at what thought has done.

With thought, man has built extraordinary things.
He has cured diseases, crossed oceans, split the atom,
sent machines to Mars.

But with the same thought,
he has also created war, division, fear, sorrow, conflict,
the endless opposing structures of “mine” and “yours,”
“My people” and “your people,”
“My belief” and “your belief.”

Thought, which can build a temple,
can also build a prison.

Thought, which can save a life,
can also invent the means to destroy millions.

So, we must ask, without pride, without defence:

Is thought truly a blessing?
Or is it a tool whose danger we have never understood?

The Order of Nature and the Disorder of the Mind

When the teacher compares man to a tree or a star,
he is not saying that trees or stars are "better."
He is pointing to something very simple:

Where thought does not interfere, there is order.
Where thought interferes, there is disorder.

A tree does not envy another tree.
It does not imagine itself superior.
It does not create conflict within itself.

A river is not divided against itself.
It does not hate one bank and love the other.

A star does not believe it is more chosen,
more blessed,
more sacred than the star next to it.

The entire universe moves in astonishing harmony—
without the movement of thought.

The disorder begins only with man.

Because man has thought,
and thought does not know its own limits.

Functional Thought vs. Psychological Thought

If we go carefully into it,
there are two movements of thought.

Functional thought

—needed to speak, to build, to communicate, to work.
There is no problem here.
It is precise, practical, necessary.

Psychological thought

—the movement that says:
“I am important.”
“I must succeed.”
“I must be admired.”
“This is my belief.”
“That man is my enemy.”
“This group is mine; the other is not.”

It is this psychological thought
that manufactures division, fear, hurt, sorrow.

It is this thought that creates the illusion of “blessed” and “unblessed,”
the illusion of superiority and inferiority,
the illusion that one human being’s life is more valuable than another’s.

Functional thought builds a bridge.
Psychological thought builds a barrier.

Functional thought communicates.
Psychological thought compares.

Functional thought solves problems.
Psychological thought creates them.

When we say “We are blessed with thought,”
we are confusing these two completely different
movements.

The Illusion of Blessing

What do we mean by “blessed”?

Do we mean comfortable?
Safe?
Favoured?
Special?

All these are measurements of thought.
They arise from comparison.

Thought creates an image of what a “good” life looks like
and then uses that image to declare some lives blessed
and others unblessed.

A tree does not do this.
A star does not do this.
A river does not do this.

They are not fragmented.

Only the mind fragmented by thought asks:
“Am I blessed?”

And that very question is the root of sorrow.

Because comparison is sorrow.

You compare your life with another’s,
your fortune with another’s,

your suffering with another's,
and from that comparison
thought draws a conclusion.

But conclusions are the past.
And the past can never see the living movement of the present.

The Burden of Thought Misused

Thought is like a knife.
In the hands of intelligence,
it prepares food, heals the sick,
builds a home.

In the hands of confusion,
it becomes a weapon.

So, the question is not:
"Is thought a blessing?"
The question is:
"Do we understand the nature and limits of thought?"

As long as thought assumes it can solve psychological problems,
there will be conflict.

As long as thought claims to know what love is,
there will be heartbreak.

As long as thought imagines it can describe the immeasurable,
there will be illusion.

Thought is mechanical.

But we use it to approach the non-mechanical.
And this misuse is the beginning of suffering.

Why the Teacher Points to Stars, Trees, Rivers

He is not comparing their intelligence with ours.
He is revealing something else:

Nature is free of psychological fragmentation.
It has no centre from which conflict arises.

A star has no ego.
A tree has no pride.
A river has no fear of the future.

They show us—without words—
what life looks like
when the self is not interfering.

When thought is silent,
the human mind also has the possibility of such order.

This is why the teacher points to the stars.
Not because they think,
but because they do not need to think to be in harmony.

The True Place of Thought

Thought has its rightful place:
in the field of knowledge, measurement, technique.

It has no place:
in love, in compassion, in sorrow, in truth, in freedom.

When thought remains where it belongs,

there is harmony in action.
When thought enters where it does not belong,
there is confusion and suffering.

To see this clearly
is the beginning of wisdom.

The Real Blessing

The real blessing is not thought.

The real blessing is awareness.

Awareness sees thought and puts it in its right place.
Awareness sees the limits of thought
just as the sky holds the limits of a passing cloud.

A cloud may be beautiful,
but it cannot fill the sky.

Thought may be useful,
but it cannot contain life.

Awareness is the space in which thought operates
intelligently.
Without awareness, thought becomes the master—
and the master becomes a tyrant.

When awareness is present,
thought becomes a servant—
and a beautiful servant.

Conclusion — The Tree, the River, the Star as Mirrors

So, when the teacher speaks of trees, rivers, and stars,

he is not lowering man
or raising nature.

He is showing us something fundamental:

In the absence of psychological thought,
life flows in order.

The tree, the star, the river—
they are mirrors showing us our own confusion
by revealing what existence looks like
when it is free of fragmentation.

We do not need to be like the tree,
nor like the star.

We only need to see clearly
how thought, misused, divides and torments the human mind.

When that is seen,
thought becomes quiet.

And in that quietness,
there is a different kind of intelligence—
vast, simple, compassionate.

That intelligence
—not thought—
is the true blessing.

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Questioner:

“Why do you compare us with trees, rivers, stars?

They don't think.
We are blessed with thought."

The teacher lifted his eyes to the night sky.
A galaxy drifted slowly across the darkness—silent, effortless.
The stars burned with a fire older than time, without pride, without ambition, without sorrow.

Teacher: Look at the cosmos.
There is no thought in it, and yet there is perfect order.
No star envies another star.
No constellation wages war against another constellation.
No galaxy declares itself chosen or blessed.

The universe moves in harmony because it does not know psychological thought.

The Universe Without Thought

A star shines because of its own gravity, its own fusion.
A tree grows by its own silent intelligence.
A river finds its way without a map.
A planet balances itself in orbit without calculation.

The vastness does not descend into conflict
because it has no "me" struggling to become something.

It does not suffer the agony of wanting to be more,
nor the fear of becoming less.

The cosmos does not compare.
Comparison exists only in the human mind.

So, the teacher was not comparing man to the tree or star;

he was revealing something deeper:

Life without psychological thought is naturally in order.
Only the human mind breaks away from this cosmic order.

The Human Claim: "We Are Blessed with Thought"

We boast that thought is our special gift.
We proclaim ourselves the apex because we can remember, imagine, build, analyse.

But look at what thought has done:

It has mapped the planets—
and divided the earth.

It has cured disease—
and invented weapons of unimaginable destruction.

It has built temples—
and created fear around gods.

It has composed beautiful music—
and the cruel machinery of psychological comparison.

Thought is like cosmic fire:
create with it, and you illuminate the world;
misuse it, and it burns the world.

So, the question is not whether thought is a blessing—
but whether we understand the limits of thought.

When Thought Enters Where It Does Not Belong

Thought is at home in the field of the known—

technology, language, surgery, science.

But when thought enters the immeasurable—
love, sorrow, truth, death—
it becomes distortion.

A star without thought is in harmony.
A human being with psychological thought is often in conflict.

When thought tries to measure love,
it becomes attachment.
When thought tries to resist sorrow,
it becomes suffering.
When thought tries to capture truth,
it creates belief.

The tree does not create belief.
The star does not create suffering.
The river does not create fear.

Man creates all this through the misuse of thought.

The Cosmic Mirror: Why the Teacher Points to Trees and Stars

The teacher compares man to trees and stars
not to diminish man
but to show him the mirror of the universe.

The tree shows what life is
when there is no centre of fear.

The star shows what order is
when nothing tries to become something.

The river shows what freedom is
when there is no “me” resisting the movement of life.

They are not models to imitate.
They are revelations of a fundamental law:

Where thought is absent, there is vast harmony.
Where thought enters psychologically, there is fragmentation.

This is not praise of nature;
it is diagnosis of the human mind.

The Cosmic Tragedy: Thought Pretending to Be Intelligence

Thought is a mechanical movement of memory—
nothing more.

But thought pretends to be intelligence.
It claims it can solve sorrow,
organise peace,
define the sacred,
control fear.

Like a small satellite believing it can realign the orbit of a galaxy,
thought overestimates itself.

The universe does not rely on thought for its order.
It relies on intelligence that is non-fragmented,
non-accumulative,
non-personal.

When the human mind touches that intelligence,
it touches the dimension the universe moves in.

But when the mind clings to thought as its master,
it falls out of that order.

The Real Blessing Is Not Thought

The man said, "We are blessed with thought."
The teacher replied:

"Thought is not the blessing.
Awareness is the blessing."

Awareness sees the movement of thought.
Awareness puts thought in its right place—
like the gravitational law holding a planet in balance.

When thought knows its limits,
it becomes a wonderful servant.

When thought forgets its limits,
it becomes a tyrant.

Awareness is the cosmic intelligence within man—
the same intelligence that holds galaxies together,
that moves the seasons,
that keeps a star burning.

When awareness is present,
thought operates gracefully.
When awareness is absent,
thought creates chaos.

The Human Being Aligned with the Cosmos

A mind that understands the nature of thought
regains its place in the cosmic order.

Such a mind does not struggle to become something.
It does not compare itself with others.
It does not create psychological division.
It does not suffer the burden of becoming.

It moves like the river—flowing.
It shines like the star—without comparison.
It stands like the mountain—without fear.
It lives like the tree—rooted yet open.

When thought is quiet,
the human being is not separate from the cosmos.

He is part of the same immensity.
He moves with the order of the universe.

And in that order,
there is a quality of blessing
far beyond anything thought can imagine.

Conclusion — The Universe Is the Teacher

The teacher finally said:

"I speak of stars and trees not because they think,
but because they live without conflict.
If thought becomes silent,
you too will live in that harmony."

Man is not asked to imitate nature;
he is asked to learn from its order.

To see clearly that thought is limited
is to return to the cosmic rhythm
that all existence shares.

And in that return
lies the real blessing—
the blessing of a mind in harmony with the universe.

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Society: The Child of Limited Thought

Thought is limited.
It has its value in the practical world—just as gastric juice has value in the body.
In its proper place, thought is functional, factual, necessary:
to speak a language, to build a house, to operate a machine, to practise medicine.

But the moment thought enters the psychological field,
it becomes divisive.

For thought, being limited, can only create a limited centre—the "me."
This "me" is a fragment, a construct of memory,
and a fragment can never be in harmony with the whole.
So thought, functioning where it does not belong,
breeds fear, comparison, ambition, sorrow, conflict.

To live from thought is to live in fragmentation.
To live without the dominance of thought is to live in communion with the origin—
the ground of all life—
where compassion and bliss are natural, effortless.

But society, which we worship and obey,
is nothing but the collective product of limited human thought.
Everything society values—
competition, achievement, becoming, success, status—
is built by thought and sustained by thought.

Society conditions the young from the very beginning:

“You are a separate human being.”
“You must become something.”
“You must outshine another.”
“You must succeed at any cost.”
“You must secure a future for the image you call yourself.”

And in this conditioning, something sacred is lost.

The natural flowering of the young mind—
its innocence, its curiosity, its sense of wholeness—
is crushed by comparison and fear.
Instead of unfolding like a living tree rooted in the ground of life,
the child is shaped into an instrument of society’s ambition.

Society is not an external authority.
It is the mirror of human thought—
your thought, my thought, the accumulated thought of centuries.
And that thought, being limited, has created a world of division.

We have accepted this world as inevitable,
as though the crooked structure of society
were the natural order of things.

But it is not.

When the mind sees that the self, society, and its values
are all the product of limited thought,
a great freedom begins.
Thought returns to its rightful place—
the practical, functional field—
and the psychological field becomes quiet.

In that quietness,
the ground of being is touched.

Life flowers again in compassion.
Action flows from intelligence.
Relationship is free of conflict.
And living becomes a movement in wholeness,
not in fragmentation.

To see that society is born of thought
is to see that freedom is born of understanding thought.
In that freedom lies the true destiny of human life.

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Student: Sir, you often say thought is limited. But surely thought is necessary for living?

Teacher: Of course. Thought has its place.
It helps you speak, drive a car, treat a patient, build a house.
In that field—like gastric juice in the body—it is useful,
even essential.

Student: Then where does the problem begin?

Teacher: When thought enters the psychological field.
There, it creates the illusion of a centre—the "me."
This "me" is born of memory, and therefore limited.
And whatever is limited becomes divisive.

Student: Divisive in what sense?

Teacher: The "me" says, I must succeed, I must become, I must protect, I must compare.
From this arises fear, ambition, competition, sorrow.

And society—being the collective movement of human thought—encourages all this.

Student: Are you saying society itself is the product of limited thought?

Teacher: Completely.
Society is not something separate from you.
It is the projection of human thought—your thought, my thought, the accumulated thought of centuries.

Thought created society's values:
Become someone.
Climb higher.
Compete.
Tread on others if necessary.
Be separate, independent, superior.

All this is the worship of the "me."

Student: But we are told this is necessary to survive.

Teacher: That is part of the tragedy.
From childhood the young are conditioned to believe they are separate beings,
separate from the ground of life, separate from each other.
They are trained to chase goals, success, status—
all of which are movements of thought.

In this conditioning, the natural unfolding of the young mind is destroyed.

Student: What do you mean by natural unfolding?

Teacher: A mind that is not frightened, not comparing, not striving to become something.
A mind that grows like a tree—rooted in the source, blossoming in its own order.
But thought interferes, shaping the child into a tool for society's ambition.

Student: Then what is thought-free living?

Teacher: It is not some mystical state.
It simply means that thought operates where it should—
in the practical field—
and becomes quiet where it is divisive.

When thought is quiet, the mind is in communion with the origin,
with the ground of life itself.

In that communion, there is compassion.
There is bliss.
There is intelligence that is not born of memory.

Student: Can such living exist in this world?

Teacher: Only when one sees deeply that society is nothing but thought, and thought is limited. When this is seen, not as an idea but as truth, the mind stops giving thought authority in the psychological field.

Then living becomes a movement without fragmentation—simple, clear, compassionate.

Student: So, the freedom is not from society, but from thought?

Teacher: Exactly.
When the mind is free of the dominance of thought,
society loses its power to condition.
And in that freedom,
one lives in harmony with the ground—
with life itself.

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Student: Sir, when I look at the night sky, the stars seem so peaceful, so immense.
But when I look at human life, I see conflict everywhere.
Why is there such a difference between the cosmos and us?

Teacher: Because the universe moves without a centre.
A star does not say, "I must shine more than another."
A planet does not compete with its neighbour.
Only human thought says, "I must become, I must achieve,
I must be separate."

Student: So, the conflict begins with thought?

Teacher: Thought is useful in the functional world—
to build a spacecraft, to heal a wound, to plant a seed.
There, thought is like fire: contained, purposeful, creative.

But when thought spills into the psychological world,
it becomes a wildfire.

It creates a centre called the "me"—
a tiny, frightened fragment within the vast immensity of life.

Student: But the "me" feels so real.

Teacher: The shadow feels real until you turn towards the light.
The “me” is the shadow of memory.

In the cosmic scale, what is this “me”?
A flicker of thought appearing for a moment
and imagining itself to be separate from the whole.

Student: And society encourages this illusion?

Teacher: Society is not separate from us.
It is us—
the collective movement of countless little “me’s.”

Just as thought creates the personal centre,
thought has created the structure of society:

compete, compare, succeed, become.

From childhood, the young are told:
“You are separate from the whole of life.”
“You must climb.”
“You must win.”
“You must outshine.”

This conditioning is a rupture from the cosmic order.

No star teaches another star to outshine.
No galaxy asks its neighbour to become something else.

Student: Then society is fundamentally against the natural order?

Teacher: Against the cosmic order, yes.
Because society is born of limited thought,

and limited thought cannot perceive the vastness.

The universe unfolds.
Thought struggles.

The universe moves in harmony.
Thought insists on division.

Student: Is it possible to live without this division?

Teacher: Of course.
When thought understands its limitation,
it becomes quiet.

In that quietness,
the mind touches the ground of existence—
the origin from which stars are born
and to which all life returns.

Student: What happens in that quietness?

Teacher: Compassion.
A compassion not cultivated, not imagined,
but as natural as starlight.

You begin to feel the whole of life—
not as something outside you,
but as the very essence of your being.

Then the "me,"
with its fears and ambitions,
is like a tiny cloud in a vast, endless sky.

Student: And society loses its power?

Teacher: Society loses its grip when you see it for what it is—
a construction of thought,
a fragile web woven by frightened minds
who mistook themselves for separate fragments.

When you see society as thought-created,
and thought as limited,
you step out of the noise
into the immeasurable stillness of the cosmos.

Student: Is this what you mean by living in communion with the origin?

Teacher: Yes.
Thought-free living is not the absence of function—
it is the absence of psychological division.

It is to live as a star lives—
in order, in silence, in vastness—
while performing necessary functions with clarity.

In such living,
bliss is not something sought.
Bliss is the fragrance of a mind in harmony with the infinite.

Student: Sir… it feels as though the cosmos itself is calling us back.

Teacher: It always has.
Only thought was too loud to hear it.

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WORDS

Words Divide People — The Movement of Fragmentation

Words are essential for communication.
They help us speak, describe, inquire, and share.
But words also carry hidden dangers,
for the mind becomes a prisoner of the very language it uses.

A word is merely a sound,
a symbol pointing to something.
But thought gives that symbol tremendous weight,
builds images around it,
and then lives inside those images
as though they were actual.

Thus words, which are meant to connect,
end up dividing humanity.

When you say “Hindu,” “Muslim,” “Christian,” “Buddhist,”
these are just words—
sounds shaped by culture and history.
But behind each word lies centuries of belief, fear, tradition, conditioning.
The word becomes a wall,
and behind that wall
the mind feels separate.

When you say “Indian,” “Pakistani,” “American,”
the mind instantly creates boundaries,
as though the earth itself were divided
by those fragile sounds.

When you say “my country,” “your country,”
the word is enough to awaken pride, fear, aggression, violence.
Millions have died because of words.

A word like “honour,”
a word like “belief,”
a word like “God,”
a word like “family,”
can tear human beings apart
because the mind clings to the meaning it has given that word
and refuses to see beyond it.

The tragedy is that the symbol becomes more important than the human being.

We kill for words.
We sacrifice relationships for words.
We destroy nations for words.

A word is not the thing it describes.
The word “tree” is not the tree.
The word “love” is not love.
The word “God” is not the immeasurable.

But the mind mistakes the word for the reality
and becomes attached to its own interpretation.
Where there is attachment to an interpretation,
there must be conflict with someone who interprets differently.

So, the division created by words
is fundamentally the division created by thought.

The word “me” and the word “you”
are necessary for daily functioning,
but psychologically they become a barrier—
the root of isolation, fear, comparison, conflict.

Words separate parents from children,
husband from wife,
nation from nation,
religion from religion.

If you look closely,
behind every conflict
you will find a word
that has become more real than the human heart.

To see this is to understand
that true relationship begins
where words lose their authority,
where the mind observes without naming,
where perception is free from the past.

In that silence of non-verbal awareness,
there is no Hindu, no Muslim, no nationality,
no ideology, no label.
There is only the human being—
vulnerable, alive, suffering, searching,
just like every other human being on this earth.

When the word does not dominate perception,
division ends.
And in the ending of division
lies the beginning of compassion.

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How Words Divide People

Student: Sir, you often say words divide people.
But words are necessary, aren't they?

Teacher: Yes, they are necessary for communication.
But the danger begins when the word becomes more important than the reality it points to.

Student: Can you explain?

Teacher: The word "tree" is not the tree.
But the mind hears the word and stops looking, stops observing.
It reacts to the image created by the word, not to the living thing.

In the same way, the word "Hindu," "Muslim," "Christian," "Buddhist"
are just sounds—
yet behind those sounds the mind carries centuries of belief and fear.
The moment you use the word; the mind becomes conditioned to respond to it.

Student: So, the division is created by the response to the word?

Teacher: Exactly.
The word acts as a trigger.
Thought fills it with meaning,
and that meaning becomes a wall.

Student: But isn't the human being behind the word the same everywhere?

Teacher: Of course.
But the mind does not meet the human being.
It meets the label.

When I call myself “Indian” and you “Pakistani,”
the word has already separated us.
Before we even look at each other,
we stand divided by sound—
a sound invented by thought.

Student: So, nations, religions, castes—all divisions begin with words?

Teacher: Yes.
Words create the image,
the image creates identification,
identification creates separation,
and separation breeds conflict.

Look at history:
people have killed one another
for words like “country,”
for words like “God,”
for words like “honour.”

The symbol becomes more sacred than life.

Student: But we need words to think, don’t we?

Teacher: That is precisely the issue.
Thought operates with words.
And when thought dominates perception,
we no longer see the human being—we see the concept.

To see without the word

is the beginning of freedom.

Student: What does it mean to see without the word?

Teacher: It means to look at another person
without the screen of labels, beliefs, judgements.
To meet another as a human being,
not as a Hindu, Muslim, Christian, atheist, upper caste, lower caste,
not as rich or poor,
not as “my group” or “your group.”

When you meet someone in that way,
there is no division.
There is only relationship.

Student: And what happens to conflict?

Teacher: Conflict ends when division ends.
Division ends when the mind no longer gives authority to words.

A word is only a sound.
When you see this clearly,
the sound loses its psychological power.

Then you are free to speak,
free to use words,
but words no longer shape your perception.

Student: So true communication begins where the tyranny of words ends?

Teacher: Yes.
When the mind observes without naming,

there is clarity.
In that clarity there is compassion.
And compassion cannot divide.

Student: Sir… is this what you mean by love without separation?

Teacher: Love has no labels.
Where a label exists, love cannot be.
Where love is, words have lost their power to divide.

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Words Are Sharper Than a Knife

A knife can cut the body,
but a word can wound the mind,
and the wound of the mind
often lasts far longer than the wound of the flesh.

A knife cuts only what it touches.
A word can travel through memory,
through imagination,
through the hidden corners of one's consciousness.

A word spoken in anger,
a word of comparison,
a word of condemnation—
these carry with them the weight of centuries of conditioning.
The mind receives them,
records them,
and turns them into images of hurt.

Thus, a simple word
can shape a whole life.

A knife has a boundary to its damage.
It cannot follow you.
But a word becomes a shadow,
moving with you wherever you go.
It becomes part of the “me,”
the centre that feels insult, pride, fear.

We rarely understand the power we give to words.

One sentence can create an enemy.
One label can divide a nation.
One insult can poison a relationship.
One praise can inflate the ego.
One belief can separate human beings for generations.

Words are sharper than knives
because they cut where we are most vulnerable—
in the field of thought and emotion,
where the “me” lives.

A mind unaware of itself
is easily wounded by words.
A mind that observes the movement of thought
without identifying with it
cannot be touched by psychological hurt.

When you see that the word is not the fact,
that the insult is only a sound,
that the image you hold of yourself is only a thought—
the sharpness of words is blunted.

Then words become tools,
not weapons.
They communicate,

but do not divide.
They describe,
but do not wound.

To understand the power of words
is to understand the movement of the self.
To see the self clearly
is to be free from the tyranny of words.

And in that freedom,
relationship becomes simple,
communication becomes gentle,
and the mind is no longer cut
by the sharpness of a passing sound.

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Words: The Sounds That Divide the Infinite

Look at the night sky.
The galaxies drift in utter silence.
Stars are born, live, and dissolve
without a single word.

The cosmos functions without language.
It needs no names,
no labels,
no definitions.
It moves in harmony
because nothing in it says,
“I am separate from the whole.”

But the human mind,
though made of the same stardust,
creates a world of division
through the simple act of naming.

A word—just a vibration in air—
becomes a boundary harder
than any mountain ridge.
It divides one human being from another
as sharply as continents separate oceans.

The word “nation” splits the earth,
though the earth itself has no borders.
The word “religion” fragments the sacred,
though the sacred knows no division.
The word “race” divides humanity,
though life breathes the same breath into all.

The stars do not call themselves stars.
Oceans do not call themselves oceans.
Only human beings give names
and then fight for the meaning of those names.

A word like “my people”
or “your people”
can ignite wars.
A word like “honour”
or “insult”
can destroy a life.
A word like “God”
can unite or shatter nations
depending on the beliefs wrapped around it.

Words create worlds
that do not exist in nature.

The universe is whole.
Thought, through words,
makes it appear broken.

The cosmic tragedy is this:
the mind identifies with the word
and forgets the vastness behind it.

It clings to the sound
and loses the silence.

When you say “I am this” and “you are that,”
the infinite dissolves into fragments.
A sound becomes a self.
A label becomes an identity.
A mere vibration becomes a psychological prison.

The cosmos has no prisons.

The great freedom of the universe
is its undivided nature.

To live in that spirit
is to see the word as a pointer,
not as a barrier.
It is to listen without being trapped by language.
It is to meet another human being
not through the filter of a label
but through the vastness of awareness.

When the mind looks without naming,
you perceive the human being directly—
as life meeting life,
presence meeting presence,
the universe acknowledging itself
in another form.

In that perception,

words lose their sharpness.
They no longer wound,
no longer separate,
no longer distort.

Silence returns
to its rightful place as the foundation of being.

And in that silence,
you touch the cosmic beauty
that lies beyond all language.

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THOUGHT-FREE ACTION

Thought-Free Action: The Flowering of Compassion

We have acted for centuries from thought.
Thought has shaped our politics, our religions, our relationships, our ambitions.
Every action we take is almost always born out of the past—
out of memory, fear, desire, comparison, belief.

And such action, rooted in thought, inevitably brings conflict.

So, we must ask a very simple yet revolutionary question:

Is there an action that does not spring from thought?
Is there action free of motive, free of fear, free of the past?
Is there thought-free action?
And if there is, what is its nature?

Let us look at this carefully, slowly, without conclusion.

What Is Action Born of Thought?

Thought is the movement of memory.
It is the past projecting itself into the present.
When thought acts, it acts from what has been.

Every decision based on fear, on desire, on comparison, is the past trying to secure itself.

Such action always carries within it
its own opposite—

ambition and frustration,
pleasure and fear,
desire and disappointment.

Action born of thought is never whole.
It is always fragmented, incomplete.

And anything incomplete inevitably brings conflict.

The Illusion of "Right Action"

Thought tries to produce what it calls right action.
But a mind caught in conflict cannot produce right action.
Thought can only produce conformity, imitation,
adjustment.

When thought acts from an ideal—
"What should be, what must be, what is moral, what is spiritual"—
that ideal becomes a screen between you and the actual.

You are not acting;
the ideal is acting.

Action born of a pattern is never intelligent.

Intelligence is immediate, direct, unmediated.

Thought always moves from the known.
Intelligence acts from the actuality of the moment.

The Space Between Perception and Thought

There are moments—small, fleeting, unnoticed—
when perception is instantaneous.

You see a child about to fall into the fire,
and you move without a second's hesitation.

That movement is not the result of thought.
Thought comes later,
saying, "I should have acted,"
or "I was right to act,"
or "How courageous I am."

But the act itself was thought-free.

In that moment there is no "me,"
no fear,
no calculation of consequences.
There is only direct perception and direct action.

That action is pure.
And purity of action is compassion.

Why Thought Cannot Act Compassionately

Thought can describe compassion,
repeat the word,
imitate the expression of compassion.

But thought cannot be compassionate.

Compassion is not an idea.
It is not a conclusion.
It is not something that can be practised.

Compassion is the movement of a mind
that is completely still—
still because it sees the truth,

not still because it is disciplined.

Thought, with its motives and its fears,
cannot enter that silence.

Where thought ends, compassion begins.

Thought-Free Action Is Intelligence

Thought can be clever,
efficient,
skilful.

But skill is not intelligence.

Intelligence is the total perception of "what is,"
not through the screen of the past
but through immediate awareness.

In such perception, action flowers.

This action does not come from effort,
from choice,
from deliberate will.

It comes from seeing.

To see danger is to act.
To see falseness is to end it.
To see suffering is to respond with compassion.

This is intelligence in action—
and intelligence has no centre,
no motive,
no "me" to protect.

When the Self Is Silent, Compassion Acts

Compassion is not sentimental emotion.
It is not pity.
It is not a moral duty.

Compassion is the absence of the self.

The self—
with its memories, desires, hurts, ambitions—
is the product of thought.

When thought is quiet,
the self is quiet.

And when the self is quiet,
there is space—
immense, unbounded space.

In that space,
action springs naturally,
like water from a clear spring.

Such action does not belong to “you” or “me.”
It is the action of life itself.

That is compassion.

What Ends Thought?

Not discipline.
Not suppression.
Not control.

Thought becomes quiet
when the mind sees the total movement of thought.

To observe thought without resistance,
without justification,
without desire to change it—
that very observation
is the ending of its domination.

In that ending
lies the beginning of action that is not born of thought.

The Flowering of Thought-Free Action

Thought-free action is:

- immediate, not calculated
- whole, not fragmented
- quiet, not aggressive
- compassionate, not self-centred
- intelligent, not conditioned

It does not seek reward
and does not fear punishment.

It is action in which the “me” is absent.

Such action has a fragrance of its own—
a fragrance of clarity.
A beauty that comes with simplicity.
A strength that comes with freedom.

When the mind is silent,
action is love.

And love is the highest form of intelligence.

Compassion Is Thought-Free Action

Thought has a place—
in technology, language, communication, survival.

But thought has no place
in the field of the heart.

Thought cannot love.
Thought cannot be compassionate.
Thought cannot act with totality.

When the mind perceives this fact—
not as a theory,
not as a philosophy,
but directly—
thought falls naturally into silence.

From that silence comes an action
untouched by the past,
untainted by fear,
unconditioned by desire.

That action
is compassion.

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We act almost entirely from thought.
Thought says: “I must do this,” “I should not do that,” “This is right,” “That is wrong.”
Every action born from thought carries fear, motive, calculation—
and therefore conflict.

But action born from conflict can never be compassionate.

So, we must ask a fundamental question:

Is there an action untouched by thought?
An action that comes from silence, not memory?
An action that is whole, immediate, and compassionate?

Thought Is Always the Past

Thought acts from what it knows—
and what it knows is always old.

So, any action coming from thought
is a continuation of the past.

The past cannot bring about anything new.
It can only modify itself.

Therefore, all action born of thought is repetition—
clever, polished, efficient repetition—
but still repetition.

Repetition cannot be compassion.

Where There Is Motive, There Is No Love

Thought always has a motive:

- "I must help to feel noble."
- "I must act to avoid guilt."
- "I must intervene to gain approval."

Motive is calculation.
Calculation is the movement of thought.

Anything done with motive is self-centred.
And the self, however refined, is incapable of compassion.

Compassion is the absence of the self.

Action Without Thought Is Immediate

You see a child about to fall into the fire.
You move instantly.

No thinking.
No weighing options.
No moral lecture inside your head.

Pure perception, pure action.

That instant movement—without the "me," without hesitation—
is thought-free action.

And that action is compassion.

Thought comes later.
Thought always comes later.

Thought Pretending to Be Compassion

Thought can imitate compassion.
It can use gentle words, practise kindness, perform good deeds.

But imitation is not the real.

Thought says:

“I will be compassionate if it benefits me.”
“I will love if I am loved back.”
“I will help if it gives me importance.”

This is bargaining, not compassion.

Thought is too small, too limited, too self-protective
to hold the immensity of compassion.

When Thought Is Silent, Intelligence Acts

Thought-free action is not chaotic;
it is not impulsive;
it is not careless.

It is intelligent action,
because intelligence is born from direct perception,
not from memory.

Intelligence sees the whole.
Thought sees fragments.

In intelligence there is clarity.
In thought there is conflict.

When the mind is quiet,
when thought has understood its own limits,
there is an action that arises from silence.

That action is precise.
It is timeless.
It is effortless.

And it is compassionate.

Compassion Is Not Emotion

Emotion is the turbulence of thought.
Compassion is the stillness of understanding.

Emotion comes and goes.
Compassion remains like a light that does not flicker.

Emotion reacts.
Compassion sees.

Emotion belongs to the self.
Compassion begins only when the self ends.

Thought Has a Place—But Not in the Heart

Thought is necessary for daily living—
for surgery, mathematics, language, planning.

But thought has no place
in love, grief, suffering, relationship, compassion.

When thought enters the field of the heart,
it corrupts it.

Love becomes attachment.
Care becomes control.
Help becomes interference.
Compassion becomes charity for one's ego.

Only when thought withdraws
does the heart flower.

The Simplicity of Thought-Free Action

Thought-free action is astonishingly simple:

You see, therefore you act.
Not you see and then think and then act.

Seeing is acting.

This demands a quiet mind—
not a suppressed mind,
not a disciplined mind,
but a mind that has seen the nature of thought.

A mind that understands thought
does not allow thought to interfere
where it has no business.

And in that non-interference, compassion operates.

When the Self Is Not, Compassion Is

Compassion is not something you cultivate.
It is not something you practise.
It is not a path or a virtue.

Compassion is what remains when thought is silent and the "me" is absent.

Then action flows like a clear stream—
unpolluted by motive, fear, or memory.

Thought-free action is compassion.
And compassion is the highest form of intelligence.

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High above the earth, stars burn in perfect silence.

Galaxies swirl without hesitation.
Planets move in timeless balance.
No calculation, no doubt, no motive shapes their movement.

The cosmos acts without thought.
And in that action, there is astonishing harmony.

The teacher said:

"When thought is absent, action has the purity of the universe.
And that purity is compassion."

The Universe Moves Without Thought

Look at the night sky.

A star does not debate whether to shine.
The river does not calculate how to flow.
The tree does not plan its blossoming.

Their movement is complete, whole, effortless.

They act not from memory,
not from fear,
not from the drive to become something.

They act because they are.
Action is their being.

This is thought-free action.

And this action is without conflict—
because there is no psychological entity to be in conflict.

Human Beings Act from Thought—and Therefore from Division

Man acts from the past:

- from fear stored in memory
- from desire shaped by experience
- from hurt carried over decades
- from comparison learned since childhood

This action is never whole.
It is fragmented, contradictory, burdened with motive.

Thought, driven by self-interest, is always calculating:

- "What will I gain?"
- "What will they think?"
- "How will this benefit me?"

Action born of such thought
cannot be compassionate,
because compassion is not calculation.

A star does not shine to be admired,
and compassion does not act to be rewarded.

When Thought Ends, Action Is Instant

There are moments when the universe moves through us—
moments when thought is silent.

A child is about to fall into water,
and without hesitation the body leaps.

There is no "I should" or "I must" or "Is this wise?"
No thought, no self, no analysis.

Direct perception → direct action.

This is the same movement by which lightning splits the sky
or a wave crashes upon the shore.

It is pure, unfragmented action.
And that purity is compassion.

Thought comes later—
claiming the act,
decorating it,
calling it noble.

But the action itself was cosmic.
It did not belong to the "me."

Thought Cannot Touch Compassion

Thought can touch technology,
can shape civilizations,
can travel to the stars—

—but it cannot touch compassion.

Compassion is not emotion.
Emotion rises and falls like tides.

Compassion is not duty.
Duty belongs to society.

Compassion is not kindness.
Kindness can be strategy.

Compassion is the total perception of the suffering of another
without the interference of the self.

The self is thought.
When thought is silent,
the self is absent.

And in that absence,
compassion acts.

This action has the stillness of deep space
and the immediacy of a falling star.

The Universe Does Not Act in Fragments

Thought divides:

- me and not-me
- my people and your people
- my sorrow and your sorrow
- my success and your failure

From that division, action becomes conflict.

But the cosmos is whole.
It does not act from division.

A galaxy does not act for itself.
A river does not flow for reward.
A tree does not blossom for recognition.

Their action arises from the order of the whole.

Compassion is the human expression of that cosmic order.

When the Mind Becomes Vast, Thought Becomes Small

In the silence between thoughts,
there is space—
space wide as the night sky.

In that space,
thought loses its authority.
Thought understands it cannot solve sorrow,
cannot manufacture love,
cannot command compassion.

The mind becomes vast.
Thought becomes small.

And in that vastness,
action arises naturally, effortlessly—
like a star being born.

This is thought-free action.

And because it springs from the infinite,
its nature is compassion.

True Action Has the Signature of the Universe

Action from thought carries the fingerprint of the self.
Action from silence carries the fingerprint of the cosmos.

Thought-based action:

- is slow
- is calculating
- depends on motive
- creates inner conflict

Thought-free action:

- is immediate
- effortless
- whole
- compassionate
- without regret
- without contradiction
- without fear

It is the universe acting through a human being
whose mind is quiet enough to not interfere.

Conclusion — Compassion Is the Universe Flowering Through a Quiet Mind

Compassion is not something one learns, cultivates, practises.
Compassion is not a virtue.
Compassion is not an ideal.

Compassion is what remains
when thought falls silent.

It is the natural action of a mind
in harmony with the order of the universe.

Where the "me" ends,
the cosmic flows into the human.
And that flow is compassion.

Thought-free action is not human action—
it is universal action appearing through a human form.
And that is why it heals, unites, and transforms.

***

Student: Sir, you often speak of action without thought.
But how is that possible?
We live by thought.
Without thought, wouldn't action become chaotic?

Teacher: Look at the universe.
The planets move in perfect order without thought.
A star burns with extraordinary precision without a single idea.
A bird flies, a flower opens, a river flows—
none of these depend on thought.

Where there is harmony,
there is action without psychological thought.

Student: But we are human beings, not stars or rivers.
We have thought.
Isn't that our blessing?

Teacher: Thought is a tool—
marvellous in the field where it belongs,
dangerous where it does not.

Thought is essential for building a bridge,
performing surgery,
speaking a language.

But when thought enters the realm of relationship,
of love,
of fear,
of sorrow—
it brings disorder.

Student: So, action from thought is always flawed?

Teacher: Action from psychological thought—yes.
Because psychological thought is always centred on the "me."
And the "me" is small, afraid, calculating.

The universe does not act from a center.
Its action is whole.

Student: What do you mean by action without thought?

Teacher: You see a child about to fall into a river.
You move instantly.

There is no deliberation,
no motive,
no fear,
no calculation.

Direct perception — direct action.

Thought comes later,
when the mind says,
"I should have acted,"
or "How brave I was."

But in the moment of action,
thought was absent.

Student: That seems like instinct.

Teacher: Not instinct—awareness.
A moment when the mind is utterly present.

When the mind is fully attentive,

thought is silent.
And when thought is silent,
action is intelligent.

Student: How is such action related to compassion?

Teacher: Compassion is that action.

When the self is not operating,
when there is no "me" seeking reward or avoiding loss,
there is space for something else to act.

In that space,
action comes from a deeper intelligence—
an intelligence not born of memory.

This intelligence is compassion.

Student: So, compassion is not something I cultivate?

Teacher: Anything you cultivate is born of thought.
Thought can cultivate behaviour,
but it cannot cultivate compassion.

Compassion blooms when thought is quiet,
as naturally as dawn breaks across the earth.

Student: But thought always interferes.

Teacher: Thought interferes because the mind never watches thought.
It either condemns thought or justifies it.
It never observes.

If you observe thought without choice,

without wanting to change it,
you will see its whole movement—
its mechanical, repetitive, conditioned nature.

Seeing this clearly,
thought becomes quiet.

Not suppressed—quiet.

Student: And in that quietness, action happens?

Teacher: Yes.
Action without hesitation.
Action without conflict.
Action without the shadow of the past.

Such action has the quality of the universe itself—
spontaneous, unfragmented, whole.

That is compassion.

Student: Does this mean compassion is cosmic?

Teacher: Of course.
The universe has no center,
no self,
no "me."
It moves in order because nothing in it is trying to become something else.

When the human mind is silent,
it touches that same order.

And from that order arises action that heals,
action that unites,

action that is free.

That action is compassion.

Student: So, thought-free action is the action of the universe moving through a human being?

Teacher: Yes.
When the "me" does not interfere,
the cosmic intelligence acts.
And its signature is compassion.

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Why Man Lives Longer but Not Wiser

He has invented ways to prolong life,
but he does not know how to live without sorrow.
— Refined in the spirit of Jiddu Krishnamurti

Man has an extraordinary capacity to extend the mechanics of living.
Through medicine, science, technology, hygiene,
he has lengthened the span of the body.
He has learned how to delay decay,
how to keep the organism functioning for eighty, ninety, a hundred years.

But though he has learned how to extend life,
he has not learned how to live.

He has put immense energy into adding years—
but no energy at all into ending fear,
ending conflict,
ending sorrow.

The tragedy is this:

He wants more time
not because his life is full,
but because it is empty.

He wants to continue
because he has never truly begun.

He wants more years
to somehow escape the pain that each year has carried.

He hopes sorrow will fade with time,
that loneliness will dissolve with age,
that fear will weaken with long life.

But sorrow does not end with the passing of years.
Fear does not end through biological survival.
Loneliness does not fade with wrinkles.
Time cannot heal what time itself has created.

Man, clings to life
because thought clings to continuity.

Thought says:

“I must go on.”
“I must continue as I am.”
“My memories must last.”
“My experiences must remain.”
“My name, my identity, my achievements must be preserved.”

So, man fights death
not because he loves life,
but because he fears ending.

He wants longevity—
not out of joy for living,
but out of terror of disappearing.

You see the irony?

Man has learned how to live long,
but not how to live without sorrow.

He has explored the outer world endlessly,

but has never explored the inner movement of fear.

He has conquered diseases,
but not anger.

He has eradicated plagues,
but not violence.

He has invented astonishing medicines,
but not the art of ending conflict within himself.

So, he lives long—
but lives in confusion.

He lives long—
but lives in the shadow of psychological pain.

He lives long—
but never touches the depth of love.

To live without sorrow
is far more important
than to live long.

To understand the structure of fear,
to see the nature of the "me"—
the self-image built by thought—
to watch its movement without choice—
this is the beginning of a life that is whole.

A mind free of sorrow
does not ask, "How long can I live?"
It asks nothing.
It simply lives—
with complete attention,

with clarity,
with compassion.

And such a mind,
even if it lives only one day,
has lived fully.

While the mind that lives a hundred years
with fear and conflict
has scarcely lived at all.

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The Ancient Desire for Longevity

For thousands of years, man has wanted to defy death.

He has sought immortality through religion,
through rituals,
through scientific inventions,
through medical breakthroughs,
through technology,
through cryogenic chambers,
through pills and diets and exercises.

He has extended the span of the body—
added years to breathing,
added decades to movement.

Today, human beings live longer than ever before.

They live to ninety, to a hundred, and soon, through genetic engineering, to one hundred and fifty.

But does living longer mean living wisely?

Does the extension of life remove the burden of suffering?
Does the stretching of time heal the wounds that thought creates?

Man's physical longevity has increased.
But sorrow continues.
Fear continues.
Violence continues.
Loneliness continues.
Conflict continues.
Comparison continues.

So, what is the point of living a hundred and fifty years
if those years are filled with psychological misery?

A long life without understanding sorrow
is like walking farther into a desert
without ever finding water.

The Mind That Wants Continuity

The mind wants to continue.

Not the body—
the mind.

The body obeys the laws of biology,
but the mind wants continuity in memory and pleasure.

It says:

"I must not end."
"My experiences must not end."
"My identity must not end."
"What I have acquired must continue."

“My name, my reputation, my knowledge, my image—
all must continue.”

This craving for continuity is the root of the desire for longer life.

It is not the fear of physical death.
It is the fear of psychological ending.

Ending of the me.

This “me” is not the body,
not the heart,
not the biological organism.

It is a construct of thought— created by memory, sustained by thought, perpetuated by time.

Thought says:

“If I die, all that I have gathered—
my knowledge, my ambition, my desires,
my struggles, my achievements—
will all dissolve.
I do not want that.”

So thought invents ways to prolong its own existence through the body.

But thought itself is the source of sorrow.

The “me” created by thought is frightened,
isolated, ambitious, competitive, violent,
hurt, greedy, seeking endlessly.

And this “me” wants permanence.

It says:

“I will live forever through my inventions.”

But the “me” is the root of suffering.

To extend the life of the “me”
is to extend the life of sorrow.

The Extraordinary Achievement of Science

Look at what man has accomplished physically:

He can replace joints,
repair organs,
clone animals,
edit genes,
build artificial hearts,
revive damaged nerves,
reverse aging cells in laboratories.

In the future, he will perhaps download memory into machines,
or transfer consciousness into synthetic bodies,
or keep the brain alive artificially.

But he has not solved the simplest psychological problem:
How to live without sorrow.

He has gone to the moon,
but he cannot walk peacefully with his neighbour.

He has split the atom,

but he cannot split the chain of envy.

He has decoded the genome,
but he cannot decode his own fear.

He has created artificial intelligence,
but he cannot end human stupidity.

He has built machines that think,
but he does not know how to stop thinking in circles.

Science has advanced the body
but has not freed the mind.

The Primitive Mind in a Technological Body

A human being in the modern world
is a strange contradiction.

He has a highly protected, technologically advanced body—
fed by machines,
transported by engines,
guarded by medicine,
extended by surgery.

But inside that body
is a primitive mind:

Fearful,
violent,
competitive,
greedy,
ambitious,
hurt,
lonely.

So, what is the use of living 120 years
with a mind that has not matured psychologically?

It is like giving a child a weapon—
the weapon becomes dangerous
because the mind behind it is immature.

We carry sophisticated instruments
with ancient minds.

We build advanced technologies
with tribal emotions.

So, the problem is not longevity.
The problem is sorrow.

If sorrow remains,
longevity is torture.

The Endless Pursuit of Pleasure

Man does not ask:
Why do I suffer?

He asks:
How can I live longer?
How can I avoid death?
How can I escape pain?
How can I extend pleasure?

Pleasure is the opposite of pain.
To hold onto pleasure
is to guarantee pain.

Pleasure demands repetition—
and repetition brings boredom,
frustration,
dissatisfaction.

Pleasure requires continuity—
and continuity strengthens the “me”.

Pleasure breeds attachment—
and attachment breeds fear of loss.

So, the more a human being pursues pleasure,
the more he invites sorrow.

And the longer he lives with such a mind,
the longer he suffers.

The Loneliness of a Long Life

Imagine a human being who lives to 150.

Imagine he carries anger for 150 years.
Compare for 150 years.
Clings to beliefs for 150 years.
Lives in fear for 150 years.
Fights with others for 150 years.
Chases ambitions for 150 years.
Accumulates wounds for 150 years.
Remembers hurts for 150 years.

Would that be a blessing?
Or a burden?

Longevity without intelligence
is a curse.

Life is not meant to be stretched endlessly.
Life is meant to be understood.

Without understanding sorrow,
life becomes a long chain of conflict.

The End of Sorrow Is the Beginning of Living

To live without sorrow
does not mean to escape sorrow.

It means to understand sorrow deeply.

Sorrow ends only when you see its cause.

And the cause is thought creating the “me”—
the center of fear,
the center of comparison,
the center of ambition,
the center of hurt.

When the movement of the “me” ends,
sorrow ends.

Without sorrow,
every moment is new.

Without sorrow,
life is fresh.

Without sorrow,
the mind is innocent.

In that innocence,

there is tremendous joy.

A few years of such joy
are far richer
than a hundred years of conflict.

The quality of life
is more important than the length of life.

The Art of Living Without Sorrow

To end sorrow, one must begin with seeing.

Seeing without distortion.
Seeing the movement of thought.
Seeing the creation of the "me."
Seeing the illusions woven by memory.
Seeing the attachment to pleasure.
Seeing the ache of loneliness.
Seeing without judgement, without condemnation.

When one sees clearly,
the seeing is the ending.

Awareness dissolves conflict.

Awareness brings order.
Awareness brings compassion.

When sorrow ends,
living becomes sacred.

Then even a short life
is beautiful.

Even a day
is enough.

Even a moment
is eternity.

The Meaning of Life Is Not in Time

To seek meaning through time—
through years,
through longevity,
through extension—
is to miss the essence of living.

The meaning of life
is not found in the future.

It is found in direct perception.
In living fully,
in seeing clearly,
in loving deeply.

When the mind is free of sorrow,
life reveals its beauty.

You don't ask,
"What is the meaning?"
because every moment is meaningful.

You don't ask,
"What is the purpose?"
because every action has clarity.

You don't ask,
"How long will I live?"

because every breath is complete.

When the mind is whole,
time is irrelevant.

The Ending of the "Me" Is the True Longevity

Man wants to live forever.

But the body is mortal.
Cells decay.
Organs fail.
Entropy rules.

Life ends.

But there is a different kind of longevity—
not the longevity of years,
but the longevity of a mind free from sorrow.

A mind free from sorrow
is timeless.

A mind free from division
is peaceful.

A mind free from the "me"
is limitless.

When the "me" ends,
life truly begins.

In that beginning,
there is no fear.
No ending.

No sorrow.

There is only the vastness of being.

That vastness is not bound by age.
Not bound by death.
Not bound by time.

It is the only true immortality.

Man has invented ways to live longer.
But he has not invented a way to live without sorrow.

Because sorrow cannot end through invention—
it ends through understanding.

When the “me” ends,
sorrow ends.

And when sorrow ends,
life is not measured in years
but in depth.

Not in length
but in beauty.

Not in time
but in freedom.

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CAN THOUGHT EVER BE FREE?

The Timeless Question

A small group of students had gathered under the neem tree after class.
The sun was low, shadows long, and the breeze carried a strange stillness.
Among them was Arjun, a thoughtful boy, troubled by a question that had followed him for weeks.

Their teacher, Mr. Raman, sat on the stone bench nearby, his face calm, his eyes alert.

Arjun finally asked:

"Sir… can thought ever be free?"

The teacher looked at him quietly, as though the question needed to breathe.

He replied:

"Before we find out whether thought can be free,
we must first see what thought is—
not in theory,
but actually,
as it moves in us."

The Nature of Thought

The teacher continued:

"Thought is the response of memory.

Memory is knowledge.
Knowledge is always the past.
Therefore, thought is always old."

"Thought can never be fresh.
It can never be new."

He paused.

"We use thought to repair a car,
to solve a math problem,
to build a bridge,
to discover a medicine."

"In that field—
the field of function—
thought is precise, useful, logical."

"But when thought enters the field of relationship,
of emotion,
of fear,
of hurt,
of desire—
it becomes confused, divisive, contradictory."

"Because in the psychological world,
thought is trying to deal with things it does not understand."

Why Thought Cannot Be Free

"Thought," he said,
"Can never be free because it is born of limitation."

"It is the product of yesterday,
shaped by culture,

conditioned by family,
moulded by society,
coloured by experience."

"Thought is the fingerprint of the past."

"How can something born of limitation ever be free?"

"How can memory,
which is always incomplete,
ever meet life,
which is constantly changing?"

Arjun listened intensely.

The teacher continued:

"Thought is like a shadow.
Have you ever seen a shadow free of the object that casts it?"

"No," Arjun replied.

"Thought is the shadow of the self.
And where the self is,
there must be fear, sorrow, conflict."

The Root of Psychological Conflict

"Look at your own life," the teacher said gently.

"When you are angry—
is not that anger the continuation of an old hurt?"

"When you are jealous—
is it not based on comparisons from the past?"

“When you fear losing someone—
is it not the memory of pain that brings fear?”

“Thought creates psychological wounds,
and then thought tries to heal the wounds it created.”

“This is like a thief pretending to be a policeman.”

“Therefore, thought in the psychological world
is always moving in circles—
one illusion leading to another.”

Arjun whispered:

“So, thought cannot end the things it creates?”

“No,” the teacher said firmly.

“That which creates the problem cannot be the solution.”

The Illusion of Control

A girl named Mira asked:

“But sir, can’t we control thought?
Can’t we discipline it?”

The teacher smiled sadly.

“Who is the ‘we’ trying to control thought?”

“Is the controller not another thought?”

“When one thought tries to control another thought,

you create conflict."

"Thought fights with thought.
One part of the mind wages war on another part."

"This division is the very essence of illusion."

"Control only strengthens the controller—
which is still thought."

"So, discipline, suppression, control
do not bring freedom."

"They only bring further bondage."

The Movement of Seeing

Another student asked:

"Then what should we do?"

The teacher raised his hand gently.

"Please see—
the moment you ask what to do,
you are already moving away from understanding."

"You want a method,
a technique,
a practice—
something time-based."

"But time cannot end thought."

"Only seeing can end illusion."

“What does it mean to see?”

“To see without motive.
To see without judgement.
To see without trying to change.”

“To see a fact as fact.”

“Can you watch thought as it arises—
jealousy, anger, comparison, fear—
without condemning,
without justifying,
without running away?”

“If you can watch without interference,
thought reveals its own limitation.”

The Moment When Thought Falls Silent

The teacher’s voice softened.

“When the mind sees that thought is limited,
sees it without choice,
without suppression,
without resistance—
then thought naturally falls silent.”

“Not because you forced it into silence,
but because it understood itself.”

“In that silence,
there is freedom.”

“In that silence,

there is clarity."

"In that silence,
there is compassion."

"Compassion is not born of thought.
It is born of the ending of thought's illusion."

The Student's Realization

Arjun closed his eyes for a moment.

He watched his own mind:

• jealousy of a classmate
• fear of exam failure
• hurt from a friend's remark
• desire to be admired
• worry about the future

He saw that each movement was old.
Each movement came from memory.
Each movement came from conditioning.

He opened his eyes.

"Sir… when I watch thought without resisting it,
it slows down."

The teacher nodded.

"Yes."

"When you watch a bird,
you do not interfere with its flight."

“When you watch thought,
you do not interfere with its movement.”

“And in that watching,
thought loses its authority.”

“Not destroyed,
not suppressed—
simply understood.”

“And what is understood
has no power to create illusion.”

Then What Is Freedom?

The teacher concluded:

“Freedom is not the freedom of thought.”

“Freedom is freedom from thought—
from the psychological movement of thought
that creates the ‘me’.”

“And when the ‘me’ ends,
fear ends.
Sorrow ends.
Violence ends.”

“What remains is not something created by thought.”

“It is something sacred—
timeless—
a vast silence
from which compassion and intelligence flow.”

“Thought cannot reach that silence.”

“But in the ending of thought’s illusion,
the mind touches something immeasurable.”

He paused.

“So, my students…”

“Thought can never be free.”

“But the mind can be free of thought
when it understands its nature completely.”

“And in that freedom,
life begins.”

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The Ancient Movement of Thought

Thought is one of the oldest movements in the human brain.
It is the echo of memory,
the residue of experience,
the response of knowledge stored over centuries.

Thought built the first stone tool,
thought measured the stars,
thought invented language,
thought created ships, bridges, aeroplanes, the microscope,
thought established mathematics and physics,
thought made surgery possible,
thought carried man to the moon.

Thought is extraordinarily useful—

in every technical, scientific, and functional field.

But thought also created nations, religions, ideologies.
Thought created the "Hindu," the "Muslim," the "Christian,"
the "American," the "Pakistani."
Thought created division.
Thought created fear.
Thought created time psychologically.
Thought created the image of "me."

This "me" becomes the center from which thought operates.

And this center is the source of confusion.

The Structure of the "Me"

Thought is always old.
It is always based on memory,
and memory is the past.

The moment thought says, "I am,"
it creates an image:

- my pain
- my pleasure
- my belief
- my achievement
- my fear
- my success
- my story

This center—the "me"—
is the product of thought trying to give itself continuity.

That continuity creates conflict

because the “me” must protect itself at all costs.

When thought says “I must succeed,”
the “me” begins to compare, compete, fight.

When thought says “I am hurt,”
the “me” clings to the memory of injury
and keeps the wound alive.

When thought says “I must become something,”
the “me” lives in constant tension.

So, the question is not whether the “me” is real—
but why thought clings to it.

The Illusion of Psychological Thought

In science, thought functions beautifully because it observes facts.
It measures, analyzes, and experiments.

But in the psychological field,
thought does not deal with facts—
it deals with images.

It sees not “what is,”
but “what should be.”

This is why thought becomes illusion.

Observe it:

• Sorrow—sustained by memory
• Anger—fuelled by thought repeating an insult
• Jealousy—comparison sustained by thought

• Fear—projected by thought into the future
• Hurt—recorded and replayed by thought
• Desire—created by thought imagining pleasure
• Confusion—produced by contradictory thoughts

All these are born from the same movement:
thought trying to protect itself.

When thought enters the psychological realm,
it creates time:

"I will become better tomorrow."
"I will overcome fear in the future."
"I will be enlightened one day."

This time is illusion.
There is only "what is" now.

So psychological thought is fundamentally limited—
because it is always the past trying to modify itself.

Can Thought Ever Be Free?

This is an essential question.

Can thought free itself?
Can thought purify itself?
Can thought transform itself into something noble, divine, or spiritual?

The answer is simple:

Thought cannot make itself free,
because thought itself is bondage.

Whatever thought touches becomes part of thought,
and therefore, part of the past.

Thought cannot free itself
any more than a prisoner can become free
by building higher and stronger walls.

Freedom is not the product of thought.

Freedom is the ending of thought in the psychological field.

Not the suppression of thought,
not the control of thought,
not the discipline of thought—
but the ending of psychological thought
through understanding its nature.

The Danger of Controlling Thought

Spiritual teachings, gurus, religions, and self-help systems have all tried to control thought.

They invented:

- methods
- mantras
- meditations
- disciplines
- breathing techniques
- visualizations
- affirmations

All these attempts to force the mind into quietness.

But control strengthens the controller—

the “me.”

And the “me” becomes more cunning,
more subtle,
more violent.

Where there is control,
there is conflict.

And conflict is never meditation.

Thought cannot end through discipline.
It ends when the truth of its nature is perceived.

The Seeing That Ends Thought

The question then is:

Can the mind watch the movement of thought
without the watcher?

Because the watcher is also thought.

When you say,
“I must watch thought carefully,”
that “I” is another thought pretending to be separate.

But when the mind sees the movement
without separation—
as one movement—
a strange thing happens:

The movement slows.
It quietens.
It becomes transparent.

It loses its authority.

This is not an act of will.
It is the natural outcome of observation.

Choiceless awareness is the only freedom there is.

In that awareness, thought finds its rightful place.

The Right Place of Thought

When the mind sees thought clearly,
without resisting or indulging,
thought finds its proper place:

• to write a book
• to build a house
• to drive a car
• to solve a problem
• to perform surgery
• to run a government
• to conduct science

But thought does not interfere in the psychological realm.

It no longer says:

“I am important.”
“I am hurt.”
“I must succeed.”
“I must become something.”
“I must be recognized.”
“I must be in control.”

Thought becomes a tool—

not a tyrant.

When thought functions where it is useful and stops where it is poisonous,
the mind becomes extraordinarily peaceful.

And in that peace, something sacred begins to unfold.

The Ending of Illusion Is the Birth of Intelligence

When the mind sees:

• thought is limited
• thought is conditioned
• thought is divisive
• thought is memory
• thought is mechanical
• thought is not the whole of life
• thought cannot touch the immeasurable

then the mind becomes free from the dominance of thought.

In that freedom, a new intelligence begins.

This intelligence is not personal.
It is not the "me."
It does not belong to anyone.

It is like fire—pure, alive, self-sustaining.

This intelligence is compassion.
Compassion is not cultivated.
It is the natural perfume of freedom.

When thought no longer creates the "me,"

the heart flowers.

And in this flowering,
the mind meets life entirely.

Can Thought Ever Be Free?

Thought cannot be made free—
but you can be free of thought
where it has no place.

This freedom is not an achievement.
It is not a reward.
It is not a conclusion.

It is the natural state
when psychological thought ends through understanding.

In that silence, in that stillness, the mind touches something timeless.

One cannot name it—
calling it God, truth, love, or enlightenment contaminates it.

It is there when the "me" is not.

And when that silence becomes the ground of life,
every movement becomes compassionate.

That is freedom —Freedom from the psychological movement of thought.

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THE SACREDNESS OF A MIND

The Mind That Has Never Known Silence

Human beings have filled the world with extraordinary things—
bridges across rivers, machines that fly, medicines that prolong life,
marvels of science and mathematics.

All this is the movement of thought.

But thought, having achieved so much outwardly,
believes it can also bring order inwardly.
It believes it can create peace,
shape virtue,
produce love,
manufacture compassion.

And in this illusion begins the tragedy of human life.

For inwardly, psychologically,
thought has never brought peace;
it has only brought conflict.

Thought can organize a laboratory,
but it cannot organize the heart.

It can build a house,
but not a home.

It can create machines,
but not joy.

It can calculate distances between stars,
but it cannot measure the beauty of a sunset.

The mind has surrounded itself with the noise of its own movement
and has never known what it means to be truly silent.

Thought and the Profanation of the Sacred

Thought is always old,
because thought is the response of memory.
And memory is the residue of experience.

In the field of science, mathematics, and daily functioning,
memory is necessary, practical, and orderly.

But in the psychological realm
thought becomes a distorting movement.

It projects fear into the future,
revives sorrow from the past,
strengthens the sense of the "me,"
creates ideals it can never reach,
and invents gods as escapes from its own loneliness.

Through all this, thought touches everything—
love, death, relationship, beauty—
and corrupts them.

For thought cannot touch anything without turning it into a fragment.

The sacred is the whole.
Thought is a fragment.

Whatever thought calls sacred
is merely its own projection.

And therefore, not sacred at all.

The Ending of Thought Is Not a Method

When one says “the mind without thought,”
people immediately imagine
a state they must achieve.

They ask:

“How do I stop thought?”
“What technique should I use?”
“Which meditation will give silence?”
“How many hours must I practice?”

All such questions arise from thought.

Thought wants to end itself
in order to continue differently.

It wants a new pattern,
a new structure,
a refined version of its old movement.

But whatever method thought invents
remains within its own field.

A method strengthens the “me,”
because the “me” now becomes
the doer,
the practicer,
the achiever.

Silence reached by discipline is not silence.
It is the muting of noise by another noise.

A mind that forces itself into stillness
is still violent.

The sacred cannot be reached through effort.
It comes only when the mind sees the total futility of effort.

Seeing the Nature of Thought

To understand the sacredness of a mind without thought,
one must first see the nature of thought itself.

See it without condemning.
See it without justifying.

Just observe:

Thought is always old.
Thought is always limited.
Thought is always in time.
Thought is always dividing.

"I" and "you,"
"mine" and "not mine,"
"My belief," "your belief,"
"My group," "your group."

Thought fragments the world
and then cries because the world is broken.

When the mind sees this whole movement
—not intellectually, but with total attention—

a strange thing happens:

Thought becomes quiet.

Not suppressed.
Not controlled.
Not pushed away.

It becomes quiet because it has understood its own limits.

Just as a child who touches fire once
does not need discipline to avoid it again,
so, the mind that sees the truth of thought
does not need force to become silent.

Perception brings ending.

The Beauty of a Mind That Is No Longer Becoming

A mind without thought is not vacant.
It is not dull.
It is not in a trance.

It is vividly alive,
intensely attentive,
as alert as a flame in the breeze.

In that state, there is no becoming—
no movement toward success,
no search for identity,
no pursuit of ideals.

The mind is not trying to be holy;
it is holy,
because it is free of the corruption of the "me."

Holiness is not in temples,
not in rituals,
not in ancient books.

Holiness is in the mind that has ended its own self-centred activity.

A mind without self
is a mind with infinite space.

In that space, there is beauty,
there is tenderness,
there is compassion.

These are not qualities cultivated by thought.
They bloom naturally
when the soil is no longer polluted.

The Sacredness That Is Not Created by Thought

The sacred is not a belief.
It is not an image.
It is not the opposite of the profane.

It cannot be approached,
cannot be sought,
cannot be accumulated.

The sacred is that which is untouched by thought.

It is the silence in which the mind does not move away from what is.

It is the state where the observer is not separate from the observed.

It is the moment when the mind is so utterly still
that perception becomes pure.

In that stillness—
unnamed, unmeasured—
there is a sense of the immeasurable.

A depth that thought cannot enter.
A beauty that words cannot capture.
A vastness without centre and without border.

This stillness is not something one experiences.
It is something one is
when the self is absent.

When Thought Ends, Love Begins

Love is not thought.
Love is not memory.
Love is not attachment, desire, possession.

Love exists only when the movement of the “me” has ended.

A mind without thought—
not in the functional sense,
but in the psychological sense—
is a mind capable of love.

And love is sacred.

A mind full of its own projections
cannot know love.

A mind worshipping its own images
cannot touch the sacred.

The mind must empty itself
of everything it has gathered
psychologically.

Then, in that emptiness,
the immeasurable enters.

The Sacred Cannot Be Sought

If you seek the sacred,
you will never find it.

Because the seeker is thought,
and thought can only find
what it already knows.

The sacred is the unknown.

Only a mind free of the known
can perceive it.

That freedom comes not through discipline
but through choiceless awareness:

awareness of thought,
awareness of fear,
awareness of desire,
awareness of sorrow,
awareness of the “me.”

In that steady flame of awareness,

the illusion ends.

And with the ending of illusion,
there is silence.

And in that silence,
there is sacredness.

The sacredness of a mind without thought is:

- not a mystical achievement
- not the result of practice
- not created by will
- not manufactured by the thinker

It is the natural flowering of a mind that has:

- seen the entire movement of thought
- understood the nature of the "me"
- abandoned all comparison and becoming
- ended psychological time
- become completely, utterly still

Such a mind is vast, unbounded, whole.

In that wholeness lies the sacred.

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WHY TRUTH CAN'T BE THOUGHT

The Mind That Seeks Truth Through Thought

From the beginning of time, man has used thought to solve problems—
to build shelters, cultivate the land, heal the body, travel across oceans,
split the atom, reach the moon.

Because thought is extraordinarily capable in the technical field,
we assume it must also be capable in the psychological field,
and therefore, capable of apprehending Truth.

So, the mind asks:

"What is Truth? What is God? What is ultimate reality?"

And immediately thought begins to respond with images,
with conclusions, with ideas borrowed from others,
with memories, scriptures, beliefs, fears, hopes.

But thought can only move within the field of what it has known.
Thought can project endlessly into the future,
but its building blocks are always the past.

The past modifies itself,
rearranges itself in more attractive forms,
but it is still the past.

Therefore, whatever thought calls "Truth"
is nothing but an extension of memory—

and memory is old, second-hand, conditioned.

Truth can never be second-hand.

Thought Works Only Where Knowledge is Relevant

In mathematics, in science, in technology,
thought is astonishing.
Its movement is precise, logical, systematic.

In these fields, the past is not a prison—
it is necessary.
Without the repetition of knowledge,
you cannot build a bridge or perform surgery.

But in the psychological field—
in the field of fear, sorrow, loneliness, love, death,
thought becomes divisive, distorted, and dangerous.

Why?

Because in the psychological field,
thought tries to understand something it did not create.

Thought created the computer,
but thought did not create love.

Thought created the rocket,
but thought did not create compassion.

Thought created nations, religions, ideologies,
but thought did not create the beauty of a sunset
or the stillness of a silent mind.

When thought tries to capture what is not born of thought,

it begins to project illusions.

Therefore, the mind confuses its own projections
for Truth.

Thought Can Only Function in Time

Thought always moves from "what was" to "what should be."
Its root is time.

But Truth is not a matter of time.
Truth is not something to be achieved tomorrow.
It is not the end point of practice, discipline, prayer, or meditation techniques.

Truth is not something you gradually approach.

Any movement towards Truth is a movement away from Truth.

Because the moment you say,
"I will find Truth one day,"
you have placed Truth in the future—
and the moment you place Truth in the future,
you have reduced it to thought.

Truth is timeless.

Time-bound thought cannot touch the timeless.

Thought Is Born of Fragmentation

Thought is the result of experience stored as memory.
Memory is always partial,

never complete.

Therefore, thought is always limited,
however clever, however subtle.

What is limited can never perceive the limitless.

A fragment cannot comprehend the whole.

Thought operates from a center—
the "me,"
the ego,
the self-image built through experience,
through praise, insult, failure, success.

From this center it observes the world.

But the observer is thought.

The center is thought.

So whatever thought sees is distorted
by the very center from which it operates.

A distorted mind cannot see what is true.

Therefore, Truth is not found through thought,
but through the ending of distortion.

Truth Cannot Be Captured by Belief

Every religion has its own truths—
its own images of God,
its own scriptures,
its own doctrines.

But belief is merely thought seeking security.

Belief is not Truth.

Belief divides humanity.
Truth unites.

Belief creates conflict.
Truth is peace.

Belief is inherited.
Truth is discovered.

Belief can be manipulated.
Truth cannot be touched.

Belief is created by thought.
Truth is beyond thought.

Therefore, one who clings to belief
can never know Truth.

Truth Is Found Only in Silence

Great philosophers have written volumes.
Theologians have built systems of thought.
Guru after guru has issued doctrines, practices, methods.

But Truth is not in philosophies.
Truth is not in books.
Truth is not in temples, churches, mosques.

Truth is not in repetition.
Truth is not in worship.

Truth is not in ritual.

Truth is found only in the silence
that comes when thought has understood its place
and becomes quiet.

Not suppressed,
not forced into stillness,
not drugged by mantras or discipline—
but naturally quiet through understanding.

When the mind sees clearly the limitation of thought,
thought voluntarily becomes silent.

In that silence,
Truth reveals itself—
not as an idea,
not as a belief,
but as a living, intense, immeasurable presence.

Truth Is What Remains When the Me Ends

The “me” is created by thought.
And the “me” is always seeking:

– security
– permanence
– recognition
– power
– meaning
– continuity

The “me” is the center of fear and sorrow.

As long as the “me” is active,

Truth cannot be.

Because the “me” is the accumulation of the past.
It is a projection of memory.

It is illusion.

When the “me” ends—
not by force,
not by discipline,
but through choiceless awareness—
what remains is Truth.

Truth is not something you find.
It is what remains when the false ends.

The ending of illusion
is the beginning of Truth.

Truth Is Not a Destination — It Is a Living Flame

Truth is not something one arrives at.
It is not a conclusion.
It is not a result.

Truth is alive.

It is found in:

– the stillness after a storm,
– the fullness of love free of attachment,
– the attention that sees without the past,
– the compassion that has no motive,
– the silence that is not cultivated.

Truth is like a flame—
if you try to grasp it,
you burn.

If you try to define it,
you destroy its beauty.

Truth can only be seen
when the mind is utterly still.

Truth Begins When the Seeker Ends

As long as you seek Truth,
you will never find it.

Because the seeker is the movement of the "me."

The seeker is the past trying to find security.

The seeker is thought trying to escape itself.

Truth is not a reward.
Truth is not the end of a journey.

Truth begins when the seeker ends.

In that ending,
there is humility.

And in humility,
there is the sacred.

Truth Is Not Separate from Life

Truth is not in some distant realm.

Truth is in the movement of your daily life:

—in your relationships,
—in your fears,
—in your desires,
—in your loneliness,
—in your sorrows,
—in your attachments.

To understand Truth,
you must understand yourself.

And to understand yourself,
you must watch the movement of thought
without judgment,
without justification,
without suppression.

In the mirror of awareness,
you see the truth of "what is."

Truth is always in "what is,"
never in what should be.

The ending of illusion is Truth.

Truth cannot be thought
because thought is time,
thought is memory,
thought is limited.

Truth is limitless.
Timeless.
Immeasurable.

Beyond the field of the known.

When thought understands its own limits,
it becomes quiet.

And in that quietness,
Truth flowers naturally.

Truth is not something to be achieved.
Truth is something that is there
when the mind sees clearly.

When the false ends,
the true is.

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Questioner:
Sir, you often say that truth cannot be thought, that thought cannot touch the immeasurable.
But thought is all I have.
My whole life — my memories, my knowledge, my decisions — is thought.
Why do you deny thought?
Why can't thought reach truth?

Answer:
Sir, let us begin very simply.
What do you mean by truth?

Questioner:
Truth is… something eternal, something perfect, something beyond confusion and suffering.

Answer:

Yes.
And thought — is it ever perfect?
Ever whole?
Ever beyond confusion?

Questioner:
No… thought is often confused.

Answer:
Not often — always.
Because thought is born out of memory, knowledge, experience — all of which are limited.
Thought is the response of the past.
How can the past see the timeless?

Questioner:
But thought is intelligent, Sir.

Answer:
Only in one narrow area — the technological, scientific, functional field.

There thought is marvellous —
It builds bridges,
It invents machines,
It organizes society.

But the same thought, when it enters the psychological realm —
the realm of "what I should be,"
"What I want,"
"What I fear,"
"I must become,"
"I must be someone" —

that same thought becomes poisonous.

Because in that field, thought operates in a thousand different ways for a thousand different people.

There is no order there.

It is chaos.

Thought Invents the Seeker

Questioner:
But I must think about truth.
Otherwise, how will I find it?

Answer:
Thought invents the seeker and then goes in search of what it has projected.
This is illusion.

Thought creates the idea of God,
and then pursues its own projection.

It builds the image
and then worships the image.

Sir, thought is extraordinarily cunning.

It creates the question,
creates the problem,
creates the seeker,
and then supplies the answer.

It is like a dog chasing its own tail.

Thought Is Always Old

Questioner:
But thought feels so real.
My anger, my sorrow, my desires — they feel real.

Answer:
Of course, they feel real.
The shadow on the wall also looks real,
but it has no substance.

Thought produces emotions — yes.
But those emotions are based on the "me,"
and the "me" is the creation of thought.

So thought produces a product,
calls it "me,"
and then suffers for the sake of its own invention.

Thought gives birth to fear
and tries to end fear through more thought.

Thought creates sorrow
and tries to escape sorrow through belief.

Thought invents the division between man and man
and then cries over conflict.

You see, sir —
thought is always old.

Truth must be new each moment.

How can the old touch the new?

The Questioner Challenges the Sage

Questioner:
Are you saying I should not think at all?
Is that even possible?
Isn't thought given to us by God?
Are you calling God's creation an illusion?

Answer:
Sir, thought is not divine.
It is a natural biological process —
like digestion.

Thought did not descend from heaven.
Thought evolved for survival.
It is useful for earning a living,
fixing a car,
writing a letter,
building a computer.

But the same instrument is utterly useless in understanding love, death, compassion, or truth.

Thought is matter.
Truth is not.

Thought is time-bound.
Truth is timeless.

Thought is limited.
Truth has no limit.

How can the limited measure the immeasurable?

Questioner:

Then what am I to do?
How am I to live?
How am I to find truth?

Answer:
Sir, the very desire to find is the movement of thought.
The desire to achieve truth is the desire to accumulate.
It is greed in a subtle form.

Please observe this carefully —
not intellectually, but silently.

Truth cannot be sought.
It is not an experience to be gained.
It is not a reward for effort.

Truth comes when thought sees its own limitation
and becomes utterly quiet.

When the mind is completely still —
not disciplined,
not forced,
not controlled,
but quiet because it has seen the futility of its own movement —
then something immense, sacred, unnameable begins to flower.

But that flowering cannot be thought about.
It can only be seen.

Choiceless Awareness Is the Key

Questioner:
So, what must I do?

Answer:
Observe.

Observe the movement of thought.
Observe anger when it arises.
Observe fear, jealousy, desire —
not as things to be suppressed,
but as movements of thought.

When you observe without choice,
without judging,
without resisting,
thought begins to reveal its entire structure.

And when the whole movement is seen,
not bit by bit,
but totally,
there is an ending.

Not the ending brought by effort,
but the ending that comes from insight.

In that ending,
there is silence.

And that silence is not created by thought.
It is not cultivated.
It is not practiced.

It is the silence of non-illusion.
The silence of freedom.

In that silence,
truth is.

Truth Cannot Be Approached — It Is There When the False Ends

Questioner:
One last question.
If I cannot think about truth,
if I cannot seek it,
then how will I ever know it?

Answer:
Sir, truth is not something to be known.
It is not a conclusion.
It is not a belief.
It is not something that can be stored in memory.

Truth is a living thing.
And the living cannot be held by the dead machinery of thought.

You can only know something dead.
You can never know life.

You can know the description of a star.
But you cannot know the wonder of the night sky.

Thought can describe the perfume of a flower.
But thought can never smell it.

Similarly —
thought can describe truth.
Thought can talk about truth.
Thought can paint truth in scriptures.

But thought cannot touch truth.

Truth begins where thought ends.
Not because we deny thought,
but because thought has understood its own limitation.

To see the false as false is the beginning of the true.

When illusion drops,
what remains is truth.

Nothing needs to be added.
Nothing needs to be gained.

The ending of thought's dominion
is the beginning of truth.

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THE ENDING OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TIME

The Two Times: Chronological and Psychological

There is the time of the clock—
the time that moves from morning to noon,
from childhood to youth,
from seed to tree.

This is chronological time,
necessary, factual, inescapable.
Without it there is no physical growth,
no learning of language,
no scientific exploration.

But there is another time—
subtle, inward, hidden—
which humanity carries as a burden.

This is psychological time.

It is the movement of becoming:
I was, I am, I will be.
It is the endless corridor of thought projecting itself:
I will succeed, I will fail, I will be loved,
I will become better, I will conquer, I will arrive.

Psychological time is built by thought,
nourished by memory,
sustained by desire,
and held together by fear.

Chronological time is necessary;

psychological time is the root of human sorrow.

How Psychological Time Is Born

Psychological time begins when thought says:

“I am this, but I must become that.”
“I am unhappy, but I will become happy.”
“I am fearful, but one day I will be courageous.”
“I am lonely, but someday I will be fulfilled.”

Between what is and what should be,
thought stretches a thread called time.
On that thread we hang our hopes,
our ideals,
our ambitions,
our regrets,
our wounds.

Time becomes a bridge to escape from the present.

We escape from anger by promising to be calm tomorrow.
We escape from violence by talking of peace in the future.
We escape from sorrow by imagining a better self.

Thus, psychological time is the movement of escape.

And in escape, there is no transformation.

Psychological Time Is Sorrow

Observe carefully.

When you say,
“I was hurt,”

the memory of hurt is carried from the past into the present.

When you say,
“I will achieve,”
ambition becomes the future projecting itself.

Both past and future are movements of thought.
Thought creates psychological time—
and then becomes a prisoner of it.

In that prison:

• there is conflict
• there is comparison
• there is fear
• there is guilt
• there is anxiety
• there is loneliness

Time becomes a psychological burden
that man carries for seventy, eighty years.

You can escape your country,
your job,
your family—
but you cannot escape from yourself
as long as psychological time continues.

The Observer and the Observed

Thought says:

“I will change myself tomorrow.”
“I will become humble.”
“I will overcome my anger.”

“I will end fear.”

But who is the one who will change?

It is still thought.

Thought tries to fix the very problems it created.

This creates the illusion of progress—
the illusion that the self can be modified,
improved,
purified
over time.

The me thinks it can change the me.

This division creates psychological conflict.

And where there is conflict,
time is born.

Conflict is time.

Insight Is Timeless

What brings actual transformation is not effort,
not discipline,
not time,
not gradual improvement.

What brings transformation is insight.

Insight is the seeing of “what is”
without the movement of thought.

When you see anger without escape,
without naming,
without suppressing,
anger ends in that very seeing.

When you see fear directly,
fear loses its roots.

When you see comparison clearly,
comparison drops.

Insight does not belong to time.

It belongs to attention,
to choiceless awareness.

Insight is instantaneous.
It is not a process.
It is not gradual.
It is not accumulated.

Insight is like light—
one second of light dissolves a thousand years of darkness.

The Ending of Becoming

Psychological time is born out of the desire to become:

• to become spiritual
• to become successful
• to become enlightened
• to become peaceful
• to become someone special
• to become better than another

As long as you are becoming something,
time continues.

Becoming is the root of comparison.
Comparison is the root of envy.
Envy is the root of violence.
Violence is the root of sorrow.

To end psychological time is to end the movement of becoming.

This ending is not depression.
It is freedom.

In the ending of becoming,
the mind stands alone—
not lonely,
but whole.

Is There a Life Without Psychological Time?

This is the central question.

If psychological time ends,
does life become meaningless?

On the contrary—
only then does life gain meaning.

When the mind is no longer burdened by the past,
nor projecting into the future,
it begins to observe the present with astonishing clarity.

The movement of birds across the sky,
the ripple of sunlight on water,

the whisper of wind through leaves—
everything becomes vivid,
alive,
sacred.

There is no centre accumulating experience.
There is no self-seeking continuity.

Life becomes a flow,
not a burden.

In that flow,
there is joy
without reason,
love
without possession,
compassion
without effort.

Understanding Death

Psychological time is also the fear of death.

Death is frightening because psychological time wants continuity—
it wants the past to extend endlessly into the future.

The self says:

“I must continue.”
“My story must go on.”
“My name, my identity, my attachments must persist.”

But what is the self?

A bundle of memories.
A collection of experiences.
A movement of thought.

Thought fears the ending of itself.
Thus, the fear of death arises.

But when psychological time ends,
the fear of death ends with it.

Then death is not something in the future—
it is a fact that coexists with life.

To die to the past each day
is to live without fear.

The Ending of Psychological Time Is the Birth of Compassion

When psychological time ends,
the self ends.

When the self ends,
comparison ends.

When comparison ends,
conflict ends.

In the absence of conflict,
the heart opens naturally.

Compassion is not cultivated.
It is born in the space where the self is not.

Compassion is the flowering of a mind free from time.

Such a mind is sacred.

***

The Student and the Sage

Student:
Why do you say psychological time must end?

Sage:
Because it is the source of human sorrow.

Student:
But without thinking of the future,
how can I plan my life?

Sage:
We are not denying chronological time.
We are questioning psychological time—
the time created by thought in the field of becoming.

Student:
I don't understand the difference.

Sage:
When you need to catch a train at 6 p.m.,
you use time.
That is factual.

But when you say,
"I will become a better person tomorrow,"
you create time psychologically.

This time is illusion.

It postpones transformation.

Student:
But self-improvement takes time… doesn't it?

Sage:
Improvement is modification of the self.
The self is the problem.

You are trying to improve the very source of misery.

Student:
So, you mean change must be instantaneous?

Sage:
Change happens when you see clearly.
Not gradually.

Insight is outside time.

Student:
But isn't my mind conditioned by years of experience?

Sage:
Conditioning is not changed by effort.
It ends in the very seeing of its movement.

When you see a poisonous snake,
do you take time to react?
Or is the reaction immediate?

In the same way,
when you see psychological time as poison,
it drops instantly.

Student:
But my past hurts…
How can I forget them?

Sage:
You need not forget.
You must observe them without the observer.

When you see hurt as hurt—
not as “my hurt”—
then the self dissolves
and the hurt loses continuity.

Continuity is time.

Without continuity,
sorrow ends.

Student:
Is this freedom?

Sage:
Freedom is the ending of the self.
The self is time.

Student:
What remains when psychological time ends?

Sage:
Silence.
Compassion.
Beauty.
Love.

These cannot be cultivated.

They come when the noise of becoming ends.

Student:
Is this enlightenment?

Sage:
Words are irrelevant.
Labels are a burden.

What matters is living without psychological time.

In such a life,
every moment is new.
Every encounter is fresh.
Every relationship is free of the past.

That is sacredness.

***

Before galaxies unfolded,
before stars were forged in the womb of darkness,
there was no “yesterday,”
no “tomorrow,”
only pure being—
a timeless presence.

When the first spark of thought appeared in the human brain,
psychological time was born.

The human-being became a prisoner of a phantom—
a timeline stretching between memory and imagination.

Planets whirl in harmony.
Atoms dance in mathematical rhythm.

Stars explode and reform in cosmic order,
never burdened by regret or hope.

Only the human mind carries this strange concept:

“I was someone,
I am someone,
I will become someone.”

The universe moves without becoming.
Man becomes without moving.

When psychological time ends,
man returns to cosmic order.
He lives in the eternal now,
where the heartbeat echoes the rhythm of galaxies.

In that timelessness,
love arises as naturally as gravity,
compassion flows like starlight,
and the mind becomes vast as the night sky—
limitless, silent, sacred.

***

Time is in the clock,
not in the heart.
The heart beats now—

not yesterday,
not tomorrow.

Thought stretches a string
between memory and hope
and calls it “me.”

But the string is fragile,
illusory—
a web woven by fear.

To end the string
is not to die—
it is to live freely.

When psychological time dissolves,
the mind becomes clear as morning air.

In that clarity,
love blooms without roots,
compassion flows without effort,
and life becomes sacred
in its simple unfolding.

*****

SELF AND AWARENESS

The "Self" as Psychological Construction

Krishnamurti repeatedly pointed out that the self — the "me," the center from which we think, feel, and act — is not a fixed or sacred entity. It is a movement of thought in time.

The self is made of:

- past memories
- accumulated experiences
- hurts and pleasures
- beliefs
- images about oneself and others
- the desire to become something

This "center," he said, is a bundle of memories held together by thought.
It is not permanent, not original, not divine — it is put together.

And because it is put together,

"What is put together can be taken apart."

Why the Self Creates Suffering

Where the self operates, there must be:

- comparison
- fear
- ambition
- conflict
- loneliness
- violence

Why?

Because the self is always seeking security, and psychological security is impossible.
A memory-made entity cannot be secure in an unpredictable world.
So, it struggles, resists, controls, defends, and fights — within and without.

This is why Krishnamurti said:

"Where the self is, love is not."
Because the self always demands, clings, uses, fears, remembers, expects.

Awareness—Not Control, Not Suppression

For Krishnamurti, awareness is the key that ends the movement of the self.

Awareness is:

- non-judgmental
- without choice
- without the controller
- without motive
- without accumulation

It is simply seeing what is, moment to moment.

Awareness is not concentration.
It is not effort.
It is not a method.

It is the silent watching of the whole movement of thought, feeling, desire, fear, reaction.

When you see anger without naming it, without condemning it, without justifying it, without trying to change it — you are in awareness.

In that seeing:

the observer and the observed are one.

The Ending of the Observer

Krishnamurti insisted that the self sustains itself only through separation:

- the observer watching thought
- the controller who tries to shape experience
- the thinker who claims ownership of thinking

But when you observe deeply, you find:

- the thinker is the thought
- the observer is the observed
- the controller is the controlled

With this insight, the division ends.
Where division ends, the self loses its foundation.

This is not an intellectual conclusion — it is a living perception.

Awareness Brings Natural Order

Krishnamurti said that choiceless awareness has an extraordinary intelligence.

Not the intelligence of books, arguments, or logic — but the intelligence of clarity.

When the mind observes itself without interference:

- confusion ends
- reactions slow down
- sorrow dissolves
- fear loses its grip
- comparison fades
- the mind grows quiet on its own

This quietness is not forced.
It comes naturally when the movement of the self subsides.

From that quietness, right action flows — effortless, non-contradictory, compassionate.

The Self Ends in Insight, Not Discipline

Krishnamurti was clear:
No practice, no mantra, no meditation technique, no guru, no authority can end the self.

Only insight can.

Insight comes when the mind is:

- attentive
- still but alert
- free of the urge to become
- free of past conclusions

In that stillness, the whole structure of the self is revealed.
The very seeing of it is the ending of it.

Awareness Is the Sacred

At the heart of Krishnamurti's teachings is a profound statement:

When the self ends, something vast, immeasurable, sacred enters the mind.

Not the sacred of temples, rituals, beliefs —
but a living sacredness that arises when the mind is completely free.

In this freedom, life is:

- fresh
- unburdened
- unfragmented
- compassionate
- whole

This is why he said:

"Freedom is not at the end — it is at the beginning."

***

The Beginning of Inquiry

We are going to examine something very fundamental:
the nature of the self,
and the meaning of awareness.

Not as theories,
not as things to be believed or to be followed,
but as living facts in our daily life.

Because unless we understand the structure of the self,

and what awareness actually is,
our existence will inevitably remain
a movement of conflict, confusion, fear, and sorrow.

This inquiry is not separate from living.
It is living.

So let us begin gently, carefully,
as two friends walking together in a quiet valley,
observing the movement of our own minds
without any conclusion,
without any pressure to change,
without the authority of the speaker or the listener.

What We Call the "Self"

If you observe yourself during the day,
you will see how heavily the self asserts itself.

The "me" is present in:

- our opinions,
- our hurts,
- our beliefs,
- our ambitions,
- our pleasures,
- our fears,
- our sense of identity,
- our images about ourselves and others.

This entire bundle,
this accumulation of memories and reactions,
is what we call the self.

It is not one thing.
It is many movements—

all woven together by thought.

The self is:

- the memory of yesterday,
- the hope of tomorrow,
- the fear of losing,
- the desire to gain,
- the image we try to protect,
- the image we try to become.

This “center” feels solid,
but it is merely a construction.

Thought has put it together;
therefore, thought sustains it.

The Self Is Always Dividing

Where there is a center,
there must be a circumference.

Where there is “me,”
there is “not me.”

From this division flow comparison,
competition,
imitation,
envy,
violence.

The self lives through comparison—
“Am I better than him?”,
“Am I progressing?”,
“Will I become something superior?”

The self lives through fear—
fear of losing what it has gathered,
fear of what others may think,
fear of death,
fear of loneliness.

The self lives through hurt—
wounds stored in memory,
images carried for decades.

The self is always seeking safety,
but safety is impossible
for something that is merely a bundle of memories.

So, the self is always moving,
struggling,
defending,
growing,
shrinking,
fighting—
never at peace.

The Illusion of the Observer

One of the great illusions of the mind
is that the self is something separate
from thought, emotion, or reaction.

We say,
“I must control my anger,”
“I must change my habit,”
“I must improve myself.”

But who is this “I”
that claims to be separate from anger, habit, or thought?

If you observe very closely,
you will discover something extraordinary:

The observer is the observed.

The one who says,
"I am watching my thoughts,"
is itself another thought.

The controller is the controlled.
The thinker is the thought.

When this is seen not intellectually,
but actually,
the division ends.

And where division ends,
conflict ends.

What Is Awareness?

Awareness is not concentration.
It is not effort.
It is not the practice of a method.

Awareness is the simple, effortless seeing
of "what is."

It is watching thought as it arises—
without naming,
without resisting,
without judging,
without trying to change it,
without comparing it with what should be.

In awareness there is no center,
no controller,
no censor.

There is only observation.

This observation is fluid,
alert,
sensitive,
unpremeditated.

It is the flame that illuminates
the whole movement of the self.

The Ending of Effort

The self always operates through effort:

- effort to become,
- effort to improve,
- effort to suppress,
- effort to escape,
- effort to dominate.

But effort is the continuity of the self,
because effort is born of desire—
the desire to change "what is" into "what should be."

Awareness has no such desire.
It does not condemn "what is";
it sees it clearly.

And the very seeing
is the ending.

Insight is not a result of effort
but of clarity.

Clarity arises when the mind is attentive
without any motive.

The Silence Beyond Thought

When the movement of the self—
with all its noise, struggle, comparison, and fear—
quietens,
a different kind of silence emerges.

Not the silence enforced by discipline,
not the silence cultivated through practice,
but a silence that comes naturally
when thought understands its own limitation.

This silence is not blankness.
It is full of extraordinary depth,
immense sensitivity,
and a sense of vastness.

In that silence,
the mind is free.

And a free mind
is a mind that can love.

Love and the Absence of the Self

Love cannot exist
where the self operates.

The self wants,

possesses,
compares,
demands,
fears,
expects.

Love is none of these.

Love is not sentimentality,
nor attachment,
nor the pleasure of companionship.

Love is the perfume
that naturally arises
when the self is absent.

It is only the self
that divides human beings
into nationalities, religions, castes, classes.

When the self ends,
the barrier between one human being and another
disappears.

Then love is.

Awareness as the Light of Life

Awareness is not a means to an end.
It is the end itself.

It is a way of living
in which the mind is constantly attentive
to its own movements.

In this attention,
there is no accumulation.
Every moment is new, fresh, unburdened.

Like the sky after rain,
the mind becomes clear.

This clarity is not personal;
it is not “my” awareness.

It is the natural state of a mind
free from conflict, fear, and the burden of becoming.

And from that state,
action flows.

Action that is whole,
non-fragmented,
compassionate,
intelligent.

The Sacredness of a Mind Without the Self

When the movement of thought
finds its rightful place in daily life,
and does not enter the psychological realm
where it breeds the self,
the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet.

In that quietness
there is a sense of sacredness—
not the sacredness of temples or scriptures,
but a sacredness that is born
in the complete freedom from the self.

It is in that freedom
that one discovers what is truly immeasurable,
untouched by time,
untouched by thought.

This is not a belief,
not a promise for the future,
not a reward.

It is there—
as clearly as the sun on the water—
when the self ends.

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Living Without Psychological Division

The Fact of Division

To understand what it means to live without psychological division,
one has to begin by observing the extraordinary fragmentation
that characterizes our daily life.

There is the division between:

- what we are and what we think we should be,
- between our ideals and our actions,
- between one desire and another,
- between pleasure and fear,
- between the observer and the observed,
- between "my" suffering and "your" suffering,
- between nations, religions, castes, languages, and beliefs.

This fragmentation has become so normal,
so deeply accepted,
that we rarely perceive the enormous conflict it generates.

A divided mind is always in struggle —
one part trying to dominate another,
one fragment seeking to escape another.

Where there is division,
there must be conflict.

And conflict is the very essence of human sorrow.

The Source of Division: The Self

If we look closely,
we see that the root of all division
is the “me” —
the psychological center that thought has created.

This center says:

- I must succeed,
- I must become,
- I must be better than others,
- this is mine,
- this is not mine.

The self is always dividing life:

- dividing the world into “my people” and “others,”
- dividing relationships into “my experience” and “your experience,”
- dividing the moment into “my past,” “my future,”
- dividing perception through the screen of conclusions.

A mind that is occupied with the self
cannot help but live in division.

The very structure of the self
is separation.

The Observer and the Observed

At the heart of psychological division
lies one of the most subtle illusions:

the division between the observer and the observed.

We say,
“I am angry, and I must control my anger.”
“I am afraid, and I must overcome fear.”

But is the one who tries to control anger
different from anger?

Is the observer
different from what is being observed?

If you watch closely,
you will discover that the observer
is
another movement of thought.

The observer is simply:

- another memory,
- another reaction,
- another conditioning.

Thought creates the anger
and then creates the observer
who says “I must deal with it.”

This is the endless game of division.

When it becomes clear that
the observer is the observed,
that the thinker is the thought,
that the controller is the controlled—
then the division ends instantly.

What It Means to See Without Division

Seeing without division
is the purest form of awareness.

It is the state in which:

- there is observation but no observer,
- there is listening without the listener,
- there is feeling without the one who owns the feeling.

This is not a mystical experience.
It is a simple but profound fact.

When you look at a tree,
can you look without naming it,
without comparing it with other trees,
without the memories of childhood trees
coming in between?

When you look in that way —
without the accumulated screen of thought —
the mind is whole.

In wholeness,
there is no division.

Division Through Ideals

One of the most deep-rooted sources of division
is the ideal.

We say:

- I should be kind,
- I should be non-violent,
- I should be more disciplined,
- I should be spiritual.

Between what is
and what should be
lies the field of conflict.

Ideals are projections of thought,
always in the future.

They divide life into
“The actual” and “the imagined.”

And as long as we chase an ideal,
we are in conflict with ourselves.

To live without division
is to see “what is”
without trying to transform it
into something else.

The seeing itself
is the transformation.

Division Through Comparison

Comparison is one of the most subtle poisons.

The moment we compare:

- we create an inner hierarchy,
- we generate envy,
- we strengthen the self,
- we deny the beauty of what is.

A mind that compares
cannot love.

Comparison is the movement of becoming —

the movement of trying to be somebody,
trying to reach some benchmark,
trying to imitate something.

To live without psychological division
is to live without comparison.

When you do not compare,
you are completely yourself —
and in that wholeness,
there is no conflict.

A Mind Without Division Is a Quiet Mind

When the fragmentation ends,
the mind becomes naturally quiet.

Not the quietness of suppression,
not the quietness of control,
but the quietness of wholeness.

A whole mind does not chatter endlessly.
It does not struggle
between contradictory desires.

It moves in clarity.

This quietness is not an escape from life.
It is the essence of sensitivity.

In that quietness,
the mind is extraordinarily alive,
alert,
vibrant.

Such a mind listens lovingly,
observes without distortion,
moves without friction.

Living Without Division in Relationship

Relationship is the mirror
in which we see the movement of division.

If you observe carefully,
division appears whenever there is:

- possession,
- comparison,
- attachment driven by fear,
- expectation,
- hurt,
- the image you have about the other.

These images —
built by thought, memory, past experience —
stand between two human beings
like a wall.

To live without division
is to see another human being
as he or she is
in the freshness of the present moment.

Then relationship becomes
a living thing —
not a continuity of past memories.

The Ending of Division Is the Beginning of Love

Love is not a product of thought.

It is not the result of discipline.
It is not something to be cultivated.

Love flowers
when division ends.

Where the self is,
love cannot be.

When the mind is whole —
not torn apart by fears, wounds, and comparisons —
there is a natural movement
of affection, compassion, gentleness.

This compassion is not selective.
It is not “my love” and “your love.”

It is like sunlight —
it falls on all.

The Sacredness of Wholeness

A mind that is whole,
that is not fragmented by fear, ambition, or belief,
is a sacred mind.

Not sacred in the sense of ritual or religion,
but sacred because it is free.

Freedom is the essence of the sacred.

In that freedom,
the mind touches something immeasurable,
a quality of depth and beauty
that cannot be put into words.

To live without psychological division
is to live in that sacredness —
to be in harmony with oneself,
with another,
and with the world.

This harmony
is not the result of effort.
It is the natural flowering
that occurs
when the root of division — the self —
comes to an end.

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There is a fracture in the human heart—
a line of separation
drawn quietly,
almost invisibly,
by thought.

On one side stands what is,
simple, direct, unadorned.
On the other stands
what should be,
shining with the false gold of ideals.

Between these two
lies the restless trembling
of our days.

We live divided—
torn between yesterday's wounds
and tomorrow's dreams,

between the image we wear
and the truth we fear to see.

One thought says go this way,
the other says no, that way,
and the mind becomes
a battlefield of whispers.

From this division
spring all our sorrows—
the envy hidden in a smile,
the quiet ache of comparison,
the trembling loneliness
masked by frantic companionship.

The self—
that fragile nest of memories—
sits at the center of this division,
spinning its web of becoming:
“I must be better,”
“I must be safe,”
“I must belong.”

But the moment the self appears,
the world is split
into “mine” and “yours,”
“us” and “them,”
“The believer” and “the unbeliever,”
“The successful” and “the defeated.”

The one who looks
and the thing looked at
stand apart
like strangers.

Yet if you sit silently
beneath an evening sky
and watch thought move
like wind over still water,
you may discover something rare:

The observer
is the observed.
The thinker
is the thought.
The controller
is the controlled.

The wall dividing the two
is made only
of shadows.

When this is seen
—not through argument,
nor through practice—
but with the clarity of a leaf
held against the morning light,
the division ends
as naturally
as a tear dries in the sun.

In that ending
there is a wholeness,
a stillness untouched
by the noise of becoming.

It is not the stillness of effort,
nor the silence of discipline,
but the quiet that comes
when conflict has no root

to feed upon.

A mind that is whole
is like a lake
unbroken by wind—
each reflection true,
each movement clear.

From such quietness
love flowers.

Not the love that clings,
not the love that fears losing,
not the love crowded
with the dust of memory—
but a love that moves
like breath through an open window,
touching everything
without asking anything in return.

To live without psychological division
is to live in that gentle fullness—
where the leaf, the cloud, the human face
are seen without the screen
of yesterday's conclusions.

It is to walk without the burden
of what you must be,
to meet life
with hands empty
and heart awake.

In that uncluttered seeing
the sacred is near—
not in stone temples

or whispered prayers,
but in the pure quiet
of a mind
that is whole.

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Before the first galaxy breathed,
before the earliest star unfolded its fire,
there was no division—
only the vast, unbounded silence
of the universe becoming aware of itself.

But in the human mind
a fracture was born:
the small, trembling center
we call the self,
carrying the dust of memory
and the ache of becoming.

This center—
a spark caught in time—
looked at the world
as though it were separate,
and from that look
began the long journey
of sorrow.

The cosmos knows no “mine” or “yours.”
Stars do not compare their light.
Galaxies do not fear
being less than their neighbours.

But the human mind,
made of the same ancient atoms,

spins a different universe—
one made of images,
expectations,
wounds carried across years
like echoes trapped in a cave.

This inner cosmos
is divided:
the observer and the observed,
the ideal and the actual,
the past and the present,
the me and the not-me.

As long as the mind lives in this duality,
its inner sky is broken—
constellations torn apart
by conflict.

If you quietly watch thought
as one watches a star
drift across the night,
you may glimpse
a revelation older than time:

The observer
is not apart
from the observed.
The thinker
is woven into the thought.
The one who seeks control
is another ripple
of the same ancient movement.

In that instant of insight,
the inner cosmos aligns.

The fragmentation dissolves.
The mind becomes whole—
a clear, unbroken sky
where every star shines
in its natural order.

When division ends,
a different energy enters the mind—
not created by discipline,
not invoked by prayer,
not captured by philosophy.

It is the energy of wholeness,
like the quiet pulse
that holds galaxies together.

In that wholeness,
the heart is no longer torn
between one desire and another.
The mind is no longer split
between what is
and what should be.

It moves with the simplicity
of starlight—
without friction,
without shadow.

Love, in this vastness,
is not personal.
It is not bound
to a name or a face.

It is like gravity—
silent, universal,

holding all things
in a gentle embrace.

This love is the sacred essence
of a mind without division.
It is the fragrance
of a awareness
as wide as the night sky.

To live without psychological division
is to live as the universe lives—
whole, undivided,
in harmony with itself.

It is to see another human being
as one sees a distant star:
not through the distortions of memory,
but in the freshness
of the present moment.

It is to walk through life
as one walks through a clear midnight—
aware of the immensity around us,
aware of the silence within us,
aware that the same ancient dust
flows in all hearts.

In such seeing,
the human mind is no longer
a fragmented world—
it is a cosmos reborn.

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THE INTELLIGENCE OF LIFE

The Meaning of Intelligence

Most of us use the word intelligence
to indicate the capacity to reason,
to invent,
to calculate,
to achieve results,
to fit into society
and succeed.

But such intelligence,
however clever,
however skilled,
remains partial—
a fragment of the whole.

Krishnamurti used the word intelligence
in an entirely different sense.

For him, intelligence was not
the product of thought,
nor the accumulation of knowledge,
nor the outcome of education.

It was something far deeper:
a living flame
that arises when the mind sees truth
without distortion.

It is the intelligence
that belongs to life itself.

Thought Is Not Intelligence

Thought, for Krishnamurti,
has a very limited place.

It can operate marvellously
in technology, medicine, mathematics.
It can build bridges,
compose systems,
organize societies.
But thought cannot understand life.

Why?

Because thought moves within the field of the known—
what it has already experienced,
already stored,
already concluded.

Thought is memory;
memory is the past;
the past is dead.

How can the dead understand the living?

Thought can be reasonable,
logical,
clever—
but it cannot be intelligent.

Where thought interferes,
intelligence is not.

When Does Intelligence Operate?

Intelligence awakens
when the mind sees something
as it actually is—
without motive,
without bias,
without escape,
without the distorting lens
of the “me.”

Suppose you are angry.
What do we usually do?
We resist anger,
justify it,
or find reasons for it.

But if you simply see anger
without the division
between the observer and the observed—
without the desire to change it
into something else—
there is pure perception.

And in that perception
lies intelligence.

The perception itself
is the ending of anger.

This intelligence is instantaneous,
not gradual.
It is not cultivated.
It cannot be practiced.
It has no method.

It is born in clarity.

Intelligence Is Sensitivity to the Whole

For Krishnamurti,
intelligence is not private.
It is not personal.

It is the sensitivity
to the whole movement of life:

- the movement of nature,
- the movement of relationship,
- the movement of thought,
- the movement of sorrow,
- the movement of love.

To be intelligent
is to be aware of this entire field—
not in fragments,
but as one indivisible movement.

When the mind sees the whole,
it acts wholly.

Such action
is intelligence.

Intelligence and Freedom

Intelligence flowers only in freedom—
freedom from fear,
from conditioning,
from authority,
from tradition,
from the tyranny of opinion,
from the compulsions of desire.

A mind that conforms
may be efficient,
but it is not intelligent.

A mind that imitates
may be knowledgeable,
but it is not intelligent.

Intelligence blossoms
only when the mind is free—
utterly, inwardly free.

And that freedom
is not the result of rebellion
or resistance.

It comes naturally
when the mind sees
its own conditioning
as a fact,
not as a problem.

The seeing
is the freeing.

The Intelligence of Love

Krishnamurti often said,
“Love and intelligence are inseparable.”

Love, for him,
was not sentiment,
not attachment,
not romance,

not the pursuit of pleasure.

Love was the absence of the self—
the ending of the “me”
that divides,
compares,
possesses,
demands.

Where the self is,
love cannot be.

And where the self is not,
there is an extraordinary
sense of compassion,
a tenderness without motive,
a care without limit.

This compassion
is intelligence.

It is the intelligence
that acts instantly
when there is suffering—
not because it should,
not because a moral code demands it,
but because it is aware,
sensitive,
awake.

The Intelligence of Silence

There is a silence
that is not created
by discipline or meditation technique.

It is the silence
that comes naturally
when the mind is not occupied,
not chattering,
not projecting,
not remembering.

It is a silence
born of watching—
watching thought,
watching feeling,
watching the world,
without resistance,
without choice.

In that silence
there is immense intelligence.

A quiet mind
is a sharp mind.
A still mind
is a clear mind.
A mind without noise
is a mind that sees truth.

And truth
is the movement of intelligence.

Intelligence Is the Order of the Universe

For Krishnamurti,
intelligence was not merely human.

It was part of the very cosmic order.

The seed that breaks the soil,
the bird that knows its migration path,
the body that heals itself,
the harmony of the stars—
all express a natural,
effortless intelligence.

We, too, are part of that order.
But thought, with its fears and ambitions,
has created an artificial disorder.

To discover intelligence
is to return to the natural order—
not by following a system,
but by understanding
how disorder arises.

When fear ends,
there is order.
When conflict ends,
there is order.
When the self ends,
there is order.

And this order
is intelligence.

To Live in Intelligence

To live in intelligence
is to live without division—
to see life as one movement,
not broken into fragments
of ambition, fear, comparison.

To live in intelligence
is to live with awareness—
alert, sensitive,
attentive to every thought and feeling
as it arises.

To live in intelligence
is to live in freedom—
not rebelling,
not conforming,
but understanding.

To live in intelligence
is to love.

And to love
is to live in communion
with all that exists—
the human,
the animal,
the tree,
the star.

In such communion
life becomes sacred.

And the sacred
is the heartbeat of intelligence.

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Before the first star burst into flame,
before time unfolded its long river,
before space learned to expand—
there was intelligence.

Not the intelligence of books,
nor of human cleverness,
but the quiet, luminous order
from which galaxies are born
and to which all life returns.

This intelligence
is the pulse of the universe—
the silent rhythm
that holds together
atoms, oceans,
breathing minds,
and distant constellations.

The Universe Is Not Thinking—

Yet It Knows

The cosmos does not calculate
how to be in harmony.
It does not reason
about how to set a star in motion
or guide a comet home.

It simply moves
in flawless order.

The seed that splits the earth,
the embryo forming in darkness,
the star collapsing into brilliance—
each is held
by the same unbroken intelligence.

It is not thought,

not memory,
not logic.

It is life seeing itself.

Human Thought Lives in Shadows

But in the human mind
another force has taken center stage—
thought.

Thought is clever,
restless,
endlessly inventive.

It can build machines
that cross the sky,
systems that imprison the heart,
and empires that collapse
under their own weight.

Thought is brilliant
and utterly limited.

It divides,
measures,
compares,
remembers,
projects.

It is always old—
the echo of what has been.

How can what is old

understand the ever-new
movement of life?

Where Thought Ends,

Intelligence Begins

The intelligence of life
awakens only
when thought realizes
its own boundary.

When the mind becomes still
as the space between stars,
when it looks
without the smoke of memory,
without the dust of desire,
without the cloud of fear—
then there is perception.

And perception
is cosmic intelligence
operating through the human brain.

It is not “my” intelligence
or “your” intelligence.

It is the intelligence of the whole,
moving through a quiet mind.

A Mind in Conflict

Is a Universe in Disorder

Fear distorts the cosmic order.
Ambition breaks the natural rhythm.
Comparison fractures the inner sky.
The self— that tiny center built of memory—
creates a private, troubled universe
inside the vast untroubled one.

When the self ends,
the inner cosmos
aligns with the outer.

The mind becomes
an unbroken field
of clarity.

In that clarity,
life acts without hesitation—
as cleanly as a star exploding,
as gently as a leaf falling.

This action
is intelligence.

The Intelligence of Love

In the wide dark
between galaxies,
gravity holds all things
without preference.

This is what Krishnamurti called love.

It is the force

that binds without possession,
touches without expectation,
sees without division.

Love is not of thought.
It is not of effort.
It is not something to practice.

It is the natural fragrance
of a mind without fear.

It is the cosmic tenderness
that moves through all life—
the intelligence that heals,
unites, and illuminates.

Silence—the Home of Intelligence

There is a silence
not of death or emptiness,
but of boundless living.

A silence vast as interstellar space,
still as the black between pulsars,
alive as the glow within a nebula.

This silence is not achieved—
it appears when the movement of becoming ends.

In that silence
the universe listens through you.
It sees through your eyes,
breathes through your heart,
thinks without thought.

This silence
is intelligence.

To Live in the Intelligence of Life

To live in this intelligence
is to walk gently
on a sacred earth,
aware that every atom in your body
was once a star.

It is to live without division—
for the cosmos knows no division.

It is to listen deeply—
for the cosmos speaks in subtleties.

It is to look freshly—
for the cosmos renews itself each moment.

To live in intelligence
is to live as the universe lives:
in order,
in freedom,
in compassion,
in silence.

And such a life
is not separate
from the stars.

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NOT BLESSED, NOT UNBLESSED

There is no blessed life and unblessed life — only life.
And the division is created by thought.

There Is No Blessed Life and Unblessed Life — This Distinction Is of Thought

Human beings have lived for centuries with the idea that life is divided:
some lives are blessed, fortunate, protected,
and others are unblessed, cursed, deprived.

This division, though ancient, is entirely the work of thought.

Thought, being conditioned by culture, tradition, fear, and comparison,
creates categories and then lives inside them.
It says,
"This person is blessed."
"That person is unfortunate."
"One life is touched by grace."
"Another is doomed by fate."

But thought itself has invented these opposites.

Life in its essence knows no such division.

A tree does not say, "My shade is blessed and yours is not."
A bird does not divide its flight into sacred and profane.
The river does not bless one shore and curse the other.
The sun does not choose who receives its warmth.

It is only the human mind, cluttered with belief and fear,

that creates this illusion of a privileged life and a deprived life.

Thought compares, measures, evaluates, concludes—
and from this measurement arises the idea of being blessed or unblessed.

But measurement cannot touch the sacred.

The sacred is in the very fact of being alive—
in the breath,
in the simple perception of a tree,
in the quietness of dawn,
in the presence of compassion.

A life that is aware, sensitive, attentive,
is neither blessed nor unblessed—
it simply is.

To see life without the colouring of thought
is to encounter its immensity.

The moment you compare your life with another's,
thought has already created division.
And division breeds sorrow.

Comparison is the denial of the beauty of what is.

When the mind sees that all distinctions—
fortunate and unfortunate,
blessed and unblessed—
are fabrications of thought,
a great burden falls away.

You begin to see life not through the lens of reward and punishment,
but through the light of awareness.

In that light, every moment is whole.
Every breath is complete.
Every life is sacred—not because it is blessed by something outside,
but because the mind no longer divides.

When thought is quiet,
there is only life—
undivided, immeasurable,
beyond the touch of destiny or luck.

To live without division
is to live in the beauty of what is,
and that beauty is the essence of the sacred.

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THE ILLUSION OF BLESSED AND UNBLESSED LIFE

Human beings throughout history have divided life into opposites:
the blessed and the unblessed,
the fortunate and the unfortunate,
the chosen and the rejected,
the favoured and the neglected.

This division appears ancient, sanctified by religion, supported by tradition, accepted by culture.
But though it feels deeply rooted,
it is one of the most subtle illusions created by the human mind.

This entire structure of distinction
is born of thought.

To understand this is to free life from comparison
and the sorrow that comparison inevitably brings.

Thought Creates the Division, Not Life

Life itself has no categories.
Life has no preference, no hierarchy, no special privilege.
Rain falls on the field of the rich and the poor.
The sun rises for every creature.
A newborn child breathes the same air, whether born in a palace or a hut.

The division into "blessed" and "unblessed"
comes much later—
brought in by thought.

Thought observes certain outward conditions
—wealth, health, opportunity, success—
and calls them "blessings."

It observes the opposite conditions
—poverty, illness, hardship—
and calls them "unblessings."

This naming becomes a habit.
The habit becomes conditioning.
And conditioning becomes belief.

But the naming is not the truth.
The belief is not the fact.
It is merely the movement of thought,

limited, conditioned, comparative.

Thought names; life simply is.

Comparison: The Root of the Blessed–Unblessed Illusion

The division exists only because of comparison.

Thought compares two different lives
and says, “This one is better; that one is worse.”

But why compare?

Comparison is the denial of direct perception.
It blocks the clarity to see life as it actually is.

Comparison inevitably creates psychological distance:
“I am not as fortunate as he is.”
“She is blessed; I am not.”
“Life has given them more and me less.”

In this distance, envy is born,
resentment is born,
self-pity is born,
and sorrow takes root.

Where there is comparison,
there can be no understanding of the beauty of one’s own life,
no appreciation of the present moment,
no communion with the sacred.

Comparison is the seed from which
the entire illusion of blessed and unblessed life grows.

Take away comparison,

and the division collapses instantly.

Conditioning Is the Maker of This Illusion

Thought has been conditioned for centuries to believe
that external circumstances determine inner worth.

Religions have declared certain lives "blessed by God"
and certain lives "cursed by karma."
Society labels success as a blessing
and failure as misfortune.
Families reinforce these ideas
from childhood.

Thus, a child is taught to measure life through thought—
through achievement, status, comfort, wealth—
and never through awareness, sensitivity, compassion, understanding.

This conditioning is the very root of psychological suffering.

A mind conditioned to believe
"I am not blessed"
carries a wound from which countless sorrows flow.

A mind conditioned to believe
"I am blessed and others are not"
carries the seed of arrogance, insensitivity, and separation.

Both are distortions created by thought.

Life does not divide.
Thought divides.

The Sacred Has No Opposites

The sacred, the immeasurable, the ground of all being,
is not partial, not selective, not favourable to one person over another.

Opposites exist only in the field of the mind.

The sacred is not the blessing of a few—
it is the wholeness available to all
when the mind is silent.

The sacred belongs to no religion,
no tradition,
no special group.

It belongs to a mind that is free
from the noise of comparison and distinction.

A quiet mind does not ask
"Am I blessed or unblessed?"
It does not measure its worth through fortune or misfortune.
It lives in direct contact with life.
And in that direct contact
there is a sense of depth, beauty, and meaning
that thought can never give.

To such a mind, all life is sacred—
not because of what happens externally,
but because it perceives without division.

The Trap of Spiritual and Religious Distinctions

Religions have often reinforced this illusion by implying
that some lives are chosen by a higher power,
while others are left to suffer.

This belief breeds guilt, fear, and dependency.
It makes people feel unworthy
unless they belong to a particular group
or follow a particular ritual.

But thought has created these divisions—
not the sacred.

When the mind sees that the idea of a "blessed life"
is but a projection of its own hopes, fears, and desires,
it becomes free of the entire burden
of spiritual comparison.

Then the sacred is no longer an external gift
distributed according to merit or luck;
it is the natural fragrance of a mind without conflict.

The Beauty of Life Without Distinction

The moment thought drops its categories,
life becomes astonishingly simple.

There is no longer "my life is blessed"
or "my life is cursed."
There is only life—
as it unfolds moment to moment.

In that unfolding there may be pleasure, pain, challenges, joy—
but none of these define the totality of life.

When the mind stops dividing,
life reveals its vastness.

Each moment becomes complete in itself—
not measured, not compared, not judged.

A leaf is complete.
A breath is complete.
A simple act of looking is complete.

Life's beauty is not given by fortune;
it is revealed when thought is quiet.

Freedom Lies in Seeing the Illusion

The ending of this illusion does not come through belief,
through discipline,
or through effort.

It comes through seeing—
seeing that the division is created by thought,
sustained by thought,
and has no existence outside thought.

When the mind sees this clearly
—not intellectually, but directly—
the distinction between blessed and unblessed life
drops away like a dead leaf.

And with that ending
comes a remarkable freedom—
a freedom from envy, from regret, from guilt,
from the burden of measuring oneself against others.

In this freedom, the mind becomes quiet,
and in that quietness
the sacred is.

The Ending of Division Is the Beginning of Compassion

When all distinctions end in the mind,
compassion naturally flowers.

You no longer see others as “more fortunate” or “less fortunate.”
You meet them as human beings—
sharing the same fragility, the same depth, the same mystery of existence.

In such compassion
there is no distance.
There is no superiority.
There is no inferiority.

There is only understanding.

And in this understanding
every life—every single life—
is immeasurable, sacred, whole.

Conclusion: There Is Only Life

Life, in its essence, is one movement.
Thought divides this movement into categories
and then suffers in the divisions it has created.

To end the division is to begin to live.

A life free from comparison,
free from conceptual blessings and curses,
free from the tyranny of measurement—

such a life is naturally complete,

naturally sacred,
naturally whole.

There is no blessed life
and no unblessed life.
There is only life—
seen or unseen,
lived or measured.

When seen in its totality,
life is beyond blessing and misfortune.
It is simply what is—
immeasurable, unbounded,
astonishingly beautiful.

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Look at the night sky.

Millions of stars burn in silence,
each shining without preference,
without choosing one life over another.
The light that left a distant star a million years ago
falls equally on the palace and the hut,
on the saint and the criminal,
on the fortunate and the forgotten.

The universe has no favourites.

It is only the human mind
that creates the idea of a “blessed” life
and an “unblessed” one.

Thought, conditioned through centuries of fear, belief,
reward and punishment,
invents a hierarchy where none exists.

It measures one life against another,
weighs fortune and misfortune,
and concludes,
“This is grace,”
“That is curse,”
“This life is chosen,”
“That one is denied.”

But the cosmos does not divide.
Division is the movement of thought.

The earth does not say
“This rain is for the worthy
and not for the unworthy.”
The ocean does not choose
which shore to touch.
The wind does not bless one tree
and ignore another.

Blessing and unblessing—
these are shadows cast by the mind
as it moves within the narrow boundaries of comparison.
Comparison is the mother of illusion,
and from that illusion arises suffering.

To a mind caught in measurement,
life appears unequal.
To a mind free of measurement,
life is one indivisible flow.

The sacred is not more present here
and less present there;
it is the background of all existence,
like the vast space that holds every star,
every galaxy,

every breath.

When the mind stops naming,
stops judging,
stops calling one moment blessed
and another cursed,
it begins to sense the immensity
in which all things exist.

In that immensity
there is no “fortunate”
and no “unfortunate.”
There is only life—
unfolding, moving, endlessly renewing itself.

Thought divides life into fragments;
the cosmos holds everything in wholeness.

To see this is to move from the smallness of thought
to the vastness of being.

A mind that lives in comparison
lives in limitation.
A mind that sees without comparison
touches the infinite.

When this is understood,
you do not ask whether your life is blessed or unblessed.
You see that such a question belongs to thought,
not to the universe.

The stars do not ask it.
The rivers do not ask it.
The earth itself does not ask it.

Only thought asks—
and thought is too small
to measure the immeasurable.

When thought becomes quiet,
the distinction ends,
and in that ending
there is a sense of beauty,
a sense of sacredness,
that is not the gift of fortune
but the nature of life itself.

In the cosmic silence,
there is no blessed life
and no unblessed life.
There is only life—
undivided, unmeasured,
eternally whole.

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Suffering and the Illusion of "Blessed" Lives

Student: Sir, you say there is no blessed life and no unblessed life.
But look around—there is so much suffering.
How can we say there is no difference?

Teacher: Let us look at it carefully.
Suffering exists—physical pain, emotional turmoil, loss, loneliness.
But the moment thought enters into it,
it gives suffering a story, a duration, a weight.

Thought says,
"Why me?"

“My life is cursed.”
“Others are blessed.”
“This should not have happened.”

It compares, judges, interprets, prolongs.

Student: Are you saying suffering is created by thought?

Teacher: Suffering as a sensation is natural—
the body aches, the heart feels loss, the mind feels hurt.
But when thought begins to weave around that sensation,
it becomes something else entirely.

The sensation of pain is one thing;
the psychological sorrow built by thought is another.

Student: What is the difference?

Teacher: The difference is enormous.
Physical pain ends; sensation passes.
But thought carries it forward.

Thought remembers,
thought resists,
thought clings,
thought repeats the wound,
thought builds an identity around the hurt.

This continuation of suffering
is the activity of thought.

Student: So suffering is not just what happens,
but what thought does with what happens?

Teacher: Exactly.

Thought gives suffering its continuity.
Thought makes it “mine.”
Thought compares it with the lives of others
and creates the idea of a “blessed life” and an “unblessed life.”

But the universe does not divide life in this way.
Only thought divides.

Student: Then if thought becomes silent…?

Teacher: If thought becomes completely silent—
not suppressed, not controlled,
but quiet because it has understood its own movement—
then suffering has no ground in which to remain.

The sensation may be there,
but the story of suffering,
which is created by thought,
comes to an end.

Student: So, the end of suffering is the end of thought?

Teacher: The end of psychological thought, yes.
When the mind sees clearly how thought sustains and nourishes sorrow,
that very seeing is the ending.
Not through effort,
not through escaping or believing,
but through pure observation.

Then the mind is quiet,
and in that quietness
there is neither blessed nor unblessed life—
there is only life,

whole, undivided,
beyond the touch of sorrow.

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Suffering, Blessedness, and the Silence of Thought

Student: Sir, you often say there is no blessed life and no unblessed life.
But when I look around, I see so much suffering.
Some people go through unbearable pain, others seem fortunate.
How can we say there is no difference?

Teacher: Let us go slowly.
The fact is that suffering exists.
There is physical pain, there is sudden loss, there is hunger, loneliness, fear.
We are not denying any of that.

But the question is:
What is suffering psychologically?
Where does it take root?
What gives it continuity?

To understand suffering, we must understand the movement of thought.

Student: Are you saying that suffering comes from thought, not from circumstances?

Teacher: Circumstances create sensations—pain, discomfort, shock, hurt.
But sensation by itself does not become suffering.
Sensation is short-lived.

Thought, entering into sensation,
says,
“This should never have happened.”
“I am a victim.”
“Why me and not others?”
“Life is unfair.”
“God has blessed some and cursed others.”

Now look what has happened:
the sensation has ended,
but thought has begun constructing a story,
and the story becomes suffering.

Student: But sorrow feels so real, so heavy.
It feels deeper than a story.

Teacher: Of course, it feels real.
Thought is extraordinarily skilled at making illusions feel real.
Thought takes a moment of pain and stretches it over days, weeks, years.
Thought takes a word or an event and turns it into an identity.

Imagine a hurtful word said to you.
The sound lasts only a second.
But the memory of that word remains for years.
Which is real—the sound or the memory?

Thought carries the memory
and keeps the wound alive.

Student: So suffering is memory held by thought?

Teacher: Suffering is memory plus identification.
The mind says,

“This happened to me,”
and with that “me,” the whole machinery of sorrow begins.

The “me” gives thought a centre
from which comparison, fear, and loneliness grow.

There is the event,
and then there is what thought does with the event.

The event is over.
Thought is not.

Student: Then why does thought not stop?
Why does it keep repeating the pain?

Teacher: Because thought seeks psychological security.
It believes that by thinking about pain, it can protect itself from further pain.
But in thinking about pain, it perpetuates pain.

Thought creates the wound
and then tries to heal the wound it has created—
like fire trying to put out fire.

Student: And this leads to the idea of blessed and unblessed lives?

Teacher: Exactly.
When thought compares itself with another,
it says,
“He is blessed; I am not.”
“My suffering is greater; his is lesser.”
“Life favours some and denies others.”

Comparison is the root of this illusion.

Do you see?
A fact is transformed into a story.
A circumstance becomes destiny.
A sensation becomes identity.
This is the work of thought.

Student: But if a person has truly lost everything—family, home, health—
is that not real suffering?

Teacher: It is real.
We are not trivialising human pain.
We are trying to understand it.
Pain is real—physical pain, emotional shock, the cry of a heart in loss.
But psychological continuity of suffering—
the endless movement of sorrow—
is the result of thought refusing to be silent.

Pain says, "This hurts."
Thought says, "This will always hurt,"
"This should not have happened,"
"Someone else is more blessed,"
"I am doomed."

Pain ends.
Thought continues.

And it is this continuation that is suffering.

Student: So, if thought became silent, suffering would end?

Teacher: Not through suppression, not through control,
but through understanding its movement.

When you watch thought without choice,
without condemnation or justification,
you begin to see how thought sustains sorrow.

And in seeing, there is freedom.

A mind that sees the movement of thought clearly
does not invite thought into the field of pain.
It allows sensation to arise and pass,
but it does not create stories, identities, or conclusions out of it.

Such a mind is like a clear sky
through which a cloud drifts for a moment
and disappears.

Student: But how can thought be silent?
It moves so quickly.

Teacher: Thought becomes silent
when the mind sees its own activity with total clarity.
Silence is not something you achieve;
it is something that happens
when the noise has been understood.

When you see that the “blessed life” and the “unblessed life”
are creations of thought,
not realities of existence,
the mind drops that division.

And with the dropping of division,
suffering loses much of its fuel.

Student: So suffering is not an absolute fact;

it is a constructed continuity?

Teacher: Suffering is the shadow that thought casts
when it stands between the mind and the fact.

Life presents facts—birth, death, loss, beauty, change.
But thought turns facts into psychological burden.
It refuses to let the fact be.
It interferes, interprets, dramatizes, prolongs.

When the mind sees this movement completely,
not intellectually but in direct perception,
there is a stillness.

In that stillness,
suffering ends,
not because pain disappears,
but because the thinker—the maker of continuity—
is no longer operating.

Student: And then blessed and unblessed lose meaning?

Teacher: Completely.
When the mind is silent,
it sees that life has no hierarchy,
no spiritual ranking,
no chosen and unchosen.

There is only life—
vast, unmeasured, sacred.

When thought is quiet,
suffering dissolves
and with it the illusion of blessedness and unblessedness.

What remains is a life that is whole,
undivided,
and astonishingly beautiful.

Student: Sir… is this what you call freedom?

Teacher: Freedom is not from pain,
but from the thought that makes pain into suffering.
Freedom is the unburdened mind,
the mind that meets life freshly,
without the past distorting the present.

In such freedom,
life is neither blessed nor unblessed—
it simply is.

And that simplicity
is the essence of the sacred.

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Student: Sir, you say there is no blessed life and no unblessed life.
But when I look at the world, I see such immense suffering.
Some seem fortunate, protected, guided.
Others seem abandoned by life.
How can we say the universe does not bless some and forsake others?

Teacher: Look at the night sky for a moment.
The stars do not shine differently for one person and dimly for another.
A million galaxies move in silence,
without selecting one human being for favour
and another for misfortune.

It is thought that divides life,
not the cosmos.

Student: But suffering feels real—deep, overwhelming.
Does the universe not see this?

Teacher: The universe does not move in terms of blessing and curse.
It moves in order.
Human suffering is not cosmic punishment;
it is the mind's entanglement with its own movement.

Pain is part of nature—like birth, death, day, night.
But suffering, the psychological continuity of pain—
that is created by thought.

Student: How does thought create suffering?
Isn't suffering something that happens to us?

Teacher: A sensation happens—
a loss, a wound, a shock, a moment of sorrow.
That is natural, like a cloud passing through the vast sky.

But thought rushes in and says:
"This should not have happened."
"This is my fate."
"I am cursed."
"Others are blessed while I am denied."

And the cloud of pain,
which was meant to pass,
becomes a storm carried across months and years.

The universe does not prolong suffering—
thought does.

Student: But deep suffering feels so real…
so heavy.

Teacher: Heavy because the past carries it.
Thought takes one moment's pain and stretches it across time,
as though the universe itself were opposing you.

But the universe has no such intentions.

It does not operate in the language of
"fortunate" and "unfortunate,"
"chosen" and "unchosen."

Those are the categories of the human mind,
caught in comparison.

Student: So, comparison creates the illusion of being blessed or unblessed?

Teacher: Completely.

Comparison is the birthplace of spiritual sorrow.

When I compare my life to another's—
to their wealth, health, intelligence, family, fortune—
I create a division that does not exist in nature.

The stars do not compare their radiance.
The trees do not envy one another's height.
The ocean does not measure its waves
against the waves of another shore.

Only thought compares.

And from comparison, suffering grows.

Student: But when grief comes,
when someone loses everything,
is that grief only thought?

Teacher: Grief as a sensation is natural.
It comes from love, from loss, from the ending of
something precious.
But grief becomes suffering
when thought refuses to let it pass.

The body feels the ache.
The heart trembles.
But thought says:
"I will never recover."
"This pain is mine forever."
"Life is against me."

The cosmos is not against you—
thought is against the fact.

Student: Then what is suffering, in the cosmic sense?

Teacher: Suffering is the shadow cast by thought
when it stands between the mind and the immensity of life.

When thought is silent,
pain may be there,
but suffering as psychological continuity
has no place to take root.

Think of space:
you can throw a stone,
but it does not leave a scar.

It disappears into the vastness.

A quiet mind is like that:
vast enough that experience does not leave wounds.

Student: How does thought become silent?
It seems impossible.

Teacher: Silence is not created by effort.
It comes when the mind sees the total movement of thought—
how it compares, measures, clings, resists, remembers.

When the mind watches thought
as one watches clouds drifting across a boundless sky,
without choosing or condemning,
thought loses its authority.

Then silence is not an achievement—
it is what naturally remains
when noise ends.

Student: And in that silence… suffering ends?

Teacher: The psychological continuity of suffering ends.
Pain may arise,
but it passes like a ripple in an infinite ocean.

The cosmos does not store sorrow.
Only the human mind does.

When the mind moves with the vastness of life
and not with the narrowness of thought,
the distinction between blessed and unblessed collapses.

All life is held in the same cosmic order.

Student: Then suffering is not a cosmic flaw—
it is a human misunderstanding?

Teacher: Yes.

Suffering is the mind struggling within its own boundaries,
believing those boundaries are the laws of the universe.

But the universe is open, spacious, without centre.
It does not divide, does not judge, does not allocate
blessing.

It simply is.

When the mind understands this,
its movement aligns with the movement of the cosmos—
expansive, undivided, unburdened.

Student: Sir…
is this what you mean by freedom?

Teacher: Freedom is this:
the ending of the psychological self
that lives in the shadows of thought.

Freedom is the return to vastness.
In that vastness, there is no "my suffering"
and "your blessing."
There is only life—
unmeasured, unbroken, sacred.

When thought is quiet,
you live in the cosmic order—

not in the divisions created by the mind.

Student: And then the universe is no longer divided?

Teacher: The universe was never divided.
Only thought was.

When thought becomes silent,
you are touched by the immensity
in which nothing is blessed,
nothing is unblessed—
everything simply is.

And that isness
is the beauty of the sacred.

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FREEDOM FROM EVERY AUTHORITY

Is Krishnamurti's Perception Another Kind of Conditioning?"

Questioner: Sir, I am trying to understand thought, suffering, comparison, the whole movement of the "me." But sometimes I wonder—
Am I going in the right direction?
Or is Krishnamurti's way of perception also becoming another kind of conditioning for me?

Answer: It is a very good question.
Most people never ask it.
They replace one conditioning with another and call it freedom.

Let us go into it.

When you ask, "Am I on the right path?"
you are already creating a direction, a goal, a formula.
And every formula conditions the mind.

Truth has no direction.
Truth has no path.
Where there is a path, there is already the movement of conditioning.

Questioner: Then what are we doing here?
What is this whole enquiry for?

Answer: Enquiry is not a method.
It is not something to follow.
It is the awakening of intelligence.

I am not giving you a new belief,
a new discipline,
a new doctrine.

If what is being said becomes a belief,
then you are lost.
You have created another prison and painted it with spiritual colours.

Questioner: But your teachings appear to guide us…

Answer: They are not teachings in the traditional sense.
They are an invitation to look.
Not to look as I look,
but to see for yourself.

If you accept what I say,
you are conditioned by me.
And I would consider that a terrible thing.

I have said many times,
“I have no authority.
Please do not follow me.”

Because the moment you follow,
you stop observing your own mind.

Questioner: But then what is the right direction?

Answer: To see without direction.
To observe without wanting to arrive somewhere.

When you watch the movement of your own thought

—without comparison, without judgement, without motive—
the very watching is the ending of conditioning.

But if you watch in order to achieve Krishnamurti's state,
you are conditioning yourself in my name.

The question is not whether you follow my perception.
The question is whether you can see the fact directly for yourself.

Questioner: Then the danger is in turning your words into a system.

Answer: Exactly.

My words are only a mirror.
If you worship the mirror,
you will never see your own face.

If you repeat what I say,
you have lost it.
If you believe what I say,
you are deceiving yourself.

But if you use what is said only as a pointer,
and then let go of the pointer,
you are free.

Questioner: So, your perception is not conditioning if it ends with seeing,
but becomes conditioning if it becomes memory or method?

Answer: Perfectly.

If what is said brings about perception, then it has done its work.
If it becomes a formula, it has become poison.

Understanding is immediate.
Conditioning is repetition.

There is no “right direction.”
There is only seeing what is.

And in that seeing, there is freedom—
not my freedom, not your freedom,
but freedom.

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Is Krishnamurti’s Perception Another Kind of Conditioning?

A serious mind inevitably asks:
“Is there such a thing as the right direction?
And if I follow Krishnamurti’s perception, am I not conditioning myself again?”

This question is essential.
Without it, any teaching—however pure—can become a belief, a repetition, a new psychological pattern.
The human mind has an extraordinary talent for turning even truth into habit.

To question Krishnamurti is to honour him.
To doubt is to begin to see.

The Danger of Turning Insight into a System

The human mind wants security.

It wants structure, method, assurance.
It wants someone to say:

"Do this, and you will be free."
"Follow this pattern, and suffering will end."

This movement, though subtle, is the very essence of conditioning.

When you read or listen to Krishnamurti,
you may feel clarity, freedom, a sense of awakening.
But if you turn his words into a method,
into something to practise,
into an authority to obey,
then his words—meant to liberate—
become chains.

A formula is always conditioning.
Even a formula for freedom.

The moment you say,
"I must watch thought like Krishnamurti said,"
you have already created a division between "what is"
and an ideal based on his authority.

The ideal becomes another prison.

Krishnamurti's Teaching Is Not a Teaching

Krishnamurti often said:
"I have no disciples. I do not give you anything to follow."

Why?

Because anything that can be followed is not truth.

It is imitation.

And imitation, however noble the object, is still conditioning.

His words were never meant to be applied mechanically,
or accepted blindly,
or repeated as doctrine.

They were meant to serve as a mirror, nothing more.

A mirror does not tell you what to see.
It only reflects.
And having reflected,
it has fulfilled its purpose.

What remains after seeing is entirely your own.

Perception Is Not Conditioning

Conditioning always involves memory, repetition, conclusion.
It strengthens the “me” through continuity.

But perception is instantaneous.
It does not come from thought.
It does not accumulate.
It does not become a pattern.

Perception is like lightning—
it illuminates and is gone.

When you see the fact directly,
there is no method,
no time,

no authority,
no conditioning.

Truth is always now;
conditioning is always past.

If Krishnamurti's insights awaken direct perception in you,
then what operates is not conditioning but intelligence.

When Krishnamurti Becomes an Authority

The danger lies not in Krishnamurti,
but in the human inclination to turn him into an authority.

Authority—political, religious, psychological—
destroys freedom.

The moment you say,
"Krishnamurti says this, therefore it must be true,"
you have stopped looking.

You are no longer observing your own mind;
you are depending on someone else's seeing.

Dependence is another form of conditioning.

Krishnamurti's deepest warning was not about violence,
fear, or sorrow,
but about authority.

He said:
"If you follow me, you will destroy me and destroy
yourself."

Why?

Because following implies imitation,
and imitation implies the death of original perception.

The Question Itself Must Be Understood

"Am I following Krishnamurti's path?"
The moment you ask this,
you have already placed him on a pedestal
and placed yourself beneath him.

This is the beginning of psychological inequality.

And from inequality springs conflict.

The question is not:
"Am I following the right teacher?"
but
"Am I seeing the movement of my own mind?"

If you are merely replacing one conditioning with another,
the mind remains bound.
It wears new clothes,
but remains the same prisoner.

But when the question is asked with passion,
with intensity,
without seeking reassurance or guidance,
then the question burns away authority itself.

And in that burning,
the mind stands alone—
which is the beginning of intelligence.

Krishnamurti's Way of Looking Cannot Be Borrowed

You cannot look through Krishnamurti's eyes.
You can only look through your own.

Understanding is not transferable.
Freedom cannot be inherited.
Insight cannot be transmitted.

If you imitate his way of questioning,
you are still following.
If you adopt his vocabulary,
you are still conditioned.
If you use his conclusions as your foundation,
you are living second-hand.

One must stand alone.
Not in isolation,
but in freedom from all influence—
including the influence of Krishnamurti.

His whole life was a call to independence of mind,
not dependence on him.

How to Know If You Are Conditioning Yourself

There is a very simple test.

Ask:

"Am I observing myself, or am I applying a teaching?"

If you are applying,
you are conditioning.

If you are observing without the interference of someone else's voice,
you are free.

If you quote Krishnamurti inwardly,
you are conditioning.

If you see the fact directly without quoting anyone,
freedom is flowering.

If you lean on his authority,
you create a prison.

If you use his words only as a catalyst to look at life freshly,
then you are free.

The Only Teaching Worth Receiving

Krishnamurti's true teaching is not in his words,
but in the spirit of seeing without dependence.

Not seeing as he saw,
but seeing for oneself.

This is why he said:

"Truth is a pathless land."

A path always belongs to someone—
a prophet, a guru, a philosophy, a scripture.

Truth belongs to no one.
It reveals itself only when the mind is free from all paths—
including the one you imagine Krishnamurti laid out.

If his words help you see,
use them.
If not, drop them.

Their purpose is to dissolve,
not to remain.

A ladder exists only to be climbed and discarded.
A mirror exists only to reflect—not to be worshipped.

The teachings exist only for insight—
not for belief, practice, or repetition.

Conclusion — Freedom from the Teacher Is the Real Teaching

If your mind becomes conditioned by Krishnamurti,
you betray his teaching.

If his words free you from authority,
from dependence,
from comparison,
from the prison of thought—
then you are living the essence of what he pointed to.

You are not walking in his direction;
you are walking in freedom.

That is the only “direction” that is not conditioning.

For in that direction
there is no teacher,
no follower,
no path,
no belief—

only pure perception.

And perception, being free of the past,
is the movement of the sacred.

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Freedom from Every Star: Is Krishnamurti's Way Another Conditioning?

A quiet evening.
The sky is overflowing with stars—cold, ancient, immeasurable.
The galaxies flow in a silence that contains no prophets, no gurus, no doctrines.
They do not guide; they do not demand; they do not teach.
In their vastness, there is no authority.

Against this backdrop of infinity, a student asks:

"Sir, am I going in the right direction?
Or is Krishnamurti's way of perception becoming my new conditioning?"

The question itself rises like a spark in the cosmic dark, and the teacher replies:

In the Universe, There Are No Paths

Look at the Milky Way arcing across the night.
Each star moves according to its own gravitation,
yet the whole is in perfect order.

There is no marked path in the universe.
Nature does not create directions;
the mind does.

A path always implies a division:
one who knows and one who follows.
But in the cosmic scale,
no star follows another star.
No galaxy imitates another galaxy.

The universe has no disciples.

So, when the human mind creates a path—even a spiritual one—
it is already turning truth into conditioning.

The Mind's Need for a Guiding Star

Human beings seek certainty,
a fixed point by which to navigate the ocean of life.
We seek a North Star—
something or someone to follow.

And so even Krishnamurti, who denied every form of authority,
risks becoming an authority in the minds of listeners.

The moment you say,
"I must observe the way Krishnamurti observed,"
you are no longer observing—
you are imitating.

Imitation is the essence of conditioning.
Even if what you imitate appears noble.

A galaxy that tries to follow the orbit of another
collapses out of its own cosmic order.

So does the human mind.

The Cosmic Irrelevance of Teachers

In the immense silence of space,
there are no teachers.
There is only movement—
creation, transformation, dissolution.

Teaching exists only where there is comparison.
A galaxy does not compare its brightness to another.
A nebula does not envy a star.
A star does not kneel to a supernova as its guru.

But the human mind, bound by fear and tradition,
seeks guidance.
It wants someone else's clarity
to substitute for its own seeing.

If Krishnamurti becomes that substitute,
he becomes conditioning.

But he insisted:
"Do not follow.
Do not make me your authority."

He said this because in the cosmic sense,
truth has no owner,
no messenger,
no intermediary.

It belongs to the one who sees—
not the one who is told.

Insight Cannot Be Borrowed

A star does not ask another for its light.
Its brilliance comes from its own core,
its own fusion.

In the same way,
insight cannot come from the words of another.
It must ignite within you.

You cannot borrow Krishnamurti's flame.
If you carry his words without discovering their meaning
in your own consciousness,
you are living with reflected light—
beautiful, but still borrowed.

You must become a star unto yourself.

When the Universe Speaks Without Words

Imagine a moment in which thought is completely quiet—
no movement of the past,
no authority,
no memory of what Krishnamurti said,
no repetition of a phrase.

In that silence,
the mind aligns with the order of the universe.

In that silence,
there is perception.
Not Krishnamurti's perception—
your perception.

A perception that arises from the ground of consciousness,
as the fire of a star arises from hydrogen.

This perception is unconditioned
because it is not borrowed.

Conditioning is the accumulation of the past.
Insight is the explosion of the present.

Freedom Cannot Be Handed Down

A galaxy cannot hand its orbit to another galaxy.
A star cannot give its luminosity to a planet.

Freedom is not transmitted.
It is discovered.

If Krishnamurti's words are used as a map,
then the map becomes the territory,
and the mind becomes small.

But if his words act only as a spark—
a catalyst,
a disturbance in the old patterns—
and then fall away,
freedom begins.

A teaching is like the booster stage of a rocket:
necessary at launch,
discarded in orbit.

A mind that holds onto the booster
never leaves the ground.

The Only Real Teaching: Stand Alone

To stand alone is not isolation.

It is to be free of influence,
free of imitation,
free of internal authority.

This aloneness is cosmic;
it is the nature of stars.

Every star stands alone in space,
yet it is part of an unimaginable whole.

In aloneness there is freedom.
In following there is dependence.
Dependence is conditioning.

When you stand alone,
you are no longer asking:
“Am I following Krishnamurti?”
or
“Is this the right direction?”

You are simply observing—
without guidance,
without authority,
without comparison.

And in that observation,
you discover something extraordinary:

the mind is its own light.

The Universe Without Authority

If you look long enough at the night sky,
you will feel a strange clarity:
nothing in the universe is telling you what to do.

No star dictates.
No galaxy commands.
No constellation instructs.

The only authority is the fact itself—
the movement of your own mind
as it perceives the truth.

When you see this,
Krishnamurti becomes unnecessary.
Not because he was wrong,
but because you have understood.

A true teacher disappears
when the student sees.

A true teaching dissolves
when truth is perceived.

Everything falls away
except perception.

Conclusion — Freedom Beyond All Orbits

So, the answer is simple and cosmic:

Krishnamurti becomes conditioning
only when you follow him.

He becomes liberation
only when you stop following
and begin seeing.

The universe offers no paths,

no authorities,
no guides—
only the vastness in which
the mind discovers itself anew.

In that vastness,
you are neither follower nor teacher,
neither conditioned nor unconditioned.

You are simply aware—
as free,
as unbounded,
as silent,
as a star in the infinite.

And that is freedom.

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The Mind Must Be Its Own Light

Student: Sir, am I going in the right direction?
Or is even Krishnamurti's perception becoming my new conditioning?

Teacher: A profound question.
If it is not asked, one becomes a follower, and the follower destroys truth.

The Universe Has No Teachers

Look at the sky.
Millions of stars burn without instruction.
No galaxy follows another.
The universe moves without paths.

Only the human mind demands direction.
And the moment you seek direction,
you create authority—
and where authority is, freedom is not.

If You Follow Krishnamurti, You Are Lost

To follow anyone—
a guru, a prophet, a philosopher—
is to imitate.

Imitation is conditioning.

If you say,
"I must watch thought as Krishnamurti watched,"
you are already caught.
You are repeating, not seeing.

Truth never lies in repetition.

Insight Is Not Transferable

You cannot borrow another's light.
A star cannot lend its fire to another star.
Insight cannot be inherited.

Krishnamurti may point,
but the seeing must be yours.
If the seeing is second-hand,
it is still bondage.

The Trap of Making a Teaching into a Method

The mind loves methods.
A method gives comfort,

predictability,
a sense of progress.

But truth has no method.

If you apply what Krishnamurti said,
you have already reduced perception to practice.
Practice is memory.
Memory is conditioning.

Perception Is Instant, Not Cultivated

Real seeing happens in a flash.
Like lightning—sudden, total, blinding.

It is not the result of effort.
It is not built through discipline.
It does not come from quoting a teacher.

Perception is immediate;
conditioning is gradual.

If it takes time,
it is not insight.

When the Teacher Becomes the Prison

The danger is subtle:
you begin by listening to understand,
but end up repeating to feel secure.

Soon the teacher becomes an inner voice,
an authority you consult
instead of watching your own mind.

Then you have replaced one prison
with another.

Krishnamurti becomes conditioning
when you use him to avoid looking directly.

Stand Alone or Not at All

Freedom demands aloneness.
Not isolation—
aloneness from influence.

A mind that depends on anyone—
even the most brilliant,
the most compassionate—
can never see clearly.

Standing alone means:
no authority,
no direction,
no method,
no teacher in the psychological sense.

A star shines because of its own fire,
not because another star lit it.

When You Stop Following, You Begin Seeing

If you stop asking,
"What would Krishnamurti do?"
the mind becomes open, vulnerable, alive.

Then you look without guidance,
without the crutch of another's certainty.
And in that looking,

you discover something astonishing:

The mind is its own light.

Not the light of a teacher,
not the reflection of an authority,
not the continuation of a teaching—
but its own.

That is freedom.

Conclusion — Only Seeing, No Follower, No Teacher

So, the answer is clear:
Krishnamurti becomes conditioning when you follow him.
He becomes liberation only when you let him go.

The universe offers no guides.
It offers only vastness.
In that vastness, the mind must stand alone.

Where the mind stands alone,
there is no conditioning—
only seeing.

And in seeing,
there is freedom.

***

- ❖ "If you follow me, you are lost. If you see for yourself, you are free."
- ❖ "Truth begins where authority ends."
- ❖ "A borrowed light can never dispel your darkness."

- ❖ “The mind must stand alone—otherwise it can never see.”
- ❖ “Freedom is not following the right path; it is having no path at all.”
- ❖ “When you repeat another’s insight, it becomes your conditioning.”
- ❖ “What you imitate, you become—and that is the beginning of bondage.”
- ❖ “No star follows another; why should the mind?”
- ❖ “The universe has no teachers—only vastness.”
- ❖ “Truth has no orbit; only the conditioned mind moves in circles.”
- ❖ “Light is not received—it ignites.”
- ❖ “A star shines by itself; so, must the mind.”
- ❖ “Authority is the death of seeing.”
- ❖ “To follow is to remain blind.”
- ❖ “Insight cannot be borrowed.”
- ❖ “The teacher ends where perception begins.”
- ❖ “Freedom is the absence of the follower.”
- ❖ “Let every teaching dissolve, and only seeing remain.”
- ❖ “Where thought does not tread, truth flowers.”
- ❖ “In the silence beyond influence, the mind becomes its own universe.”

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SEEING IS ACTING

In the human body there are actions that occur with astonishing speed—
so fast that the brain has no time to think.
These are the spinal reflexes,
movements that arise at the level of the spinal cord before thought can intervene.

A hand touches fire and instantly withdraws.
The knee extends the moment it is tapped.
The eyelids close in a flash when an object approaches.

These actions are immediate, precise, protective.
They do not wait for analysis.
They do not seek permission from the mind.
They act.

At the physiological level, this is simple fact—
but at the philosophical level, it reveals a profound truth about human action.

The Wisdom of the Reflex Arc

A reflex arc is one of nature's clearest demonstrations that action does not require thought.

The sensory neuron sends a signal to the spinal cord.
The spinal cord responds instantly through a motor neuron.
Only afterwards does the brain receive the message.

Action happens first.
Thought arrives later.

There is no hesitation,
no comparison,
no fear,
no “What should I do?”
no image of the self to protect.

There is only direct perception and direct action.

This is the body’s way of showing us
that the gap between seeing and doing exists only when thought interferes.

The Psychological Parallel:

Thought Creates the Delay

In daily life, thought inserts a psychological distance between perception and action.

We see suffering—
but thought whispers:
“Should I get involved?”
“What will people think?”
“Is this my responsibility?”
“How will this affect me?”

This delay is the movement of the self,
and in that delay compassion dies.

The reflex arc shows us what action looks like
when the self is absent.

The body acts instantly because it does not consult the “me.”
It does not ask permission from memory.

It does not evaluate consequences.

It simply responds.

If the mind could act with the same clarity—
not mechanically,
but with awareness—
then action would be free of confusion.

Seeing Is Acting

Krishnamurti said:

“When you see something clearly, the very seeing is the action.”

There is no thinker separate from thought.
There is no actor separate from action.
There is no observer separate from the observed.

In pure perception:

- there is no fear,
- no motive,
- no hesitation,
- no calculation.

The mind is completely present.

When the mind is wholly attentive,
thought naturally falls silent.

In that silence,
action flows without friction.

This is not a reflex.

It is not automatic.
It is not primitive.

It is intelligent action,
arising from a mind that has understood the nature and limits of thought.

Reflex Action Is Mechanical; Thought-Free Action Is Intelligent

The reflex arc responds mechanically to danger.
It protects the body.

Thought-free action responds intelligently to life.
It protects the whole movement of relationship.

The reflex is biological necessity.
Thought-free action is psychological clarity.

In both cases,
action arises when there is no interference from thought.

The difference is profound:

- The reflex is unconscious.
- Thought-free action is fully conscious.

The reflex depends on spinal circuitry.
Thought-free action depends on awareness.

But the principle is the same:

When there is no centre operating, action is immediate and whole.

The Self Is the Distance Between Perception and Action

Thought, with its memories and fears,
creates the “me.”

The “me” wants security.
The “me” wants approval.
The “me” wants advantage.

And therefore the “me” hesitates.

It is this hesitation—
this psychological time gap—
that creates conflict in action.

The body does not hesitate
because it has no psychological self.

Can the mind live that way—
not without thought,
but without psychological thought,
without the interference of the self?

When the mind sees its own movement clearly,
the self loses its authority.

And when the self ends,
action becomes whole.

Where Thought Ends, Compassion Begins

Compassion is not a cultivated virtue.
It is not generated by thought.
It is not the product of effort.

Compassion arises in the space

where thought has fallen silent.

When there is no “me” calculating outcomes,
no motive shaping behaviour,
no fear hindering response,
there is a different quality of action—
gentle, immediate, effortless.

This action does not come from memory.
It does not come from training.
It does not come from a moral code.

It comes from the clarity of direct perception.

Thought-free action is compassion.

Just as the reflex protects the organism,
thought-free action protects the wholeness of life.

Conclusion — The Body Teaches What the Mind Has Forgotten

The body demonstrates every day
that perception and action can be one movement.

The mind, fragmented by past experiences and future fears,
creates delay, confusion, and conflict.

To understand the movement of thought is to end this fragmentation.
To end this fragmentation is to allow action to arise from silence.
And from that silence flows compassion—
not as an idea,
not as a discipline,

but as a natural movement of intelligence.

The reflex arc shows how life acts when thought does not interfere.
Thought-free action shows how intelligence acts when the self does not interfere.

In this meeting of physiology and awareness,
we discover a fundamental truth:

The highest form of action is action without the “me.”
That action is compassion.

Up to this point we have seen that the reflex arc shows how action can occur without the intervention of thought.
But it is important to go a step further, because not all thought-free action is the same.

The reflex is mechanical, while compassionate action is intelligent.
The two must never be confused.

The spinal reflex is automatic, hard-wired, and unconscious.
It protects the body.
It requires no awareness, no understanding, no sensitivity.
It is nature’s machinery operating out of biological necessity.

But intelligent action arises from a completely different depth.
It is not mechanical; it is born of total attention.
It is thought-free because the mind is still, not because the brain is bypassed.
It acts instantly, not because it is programmed,

but because there is a clarity that leaves no room for hesitation.

One is the silence of the spinal cord;
the other is the silence of a mind that has understood thought.

One acts without the self because it has no self.
The other acts without the self because the self has ended.

The reflex protects the organism.
Intelligence protects the whole of life.

Both movements are free of thought,
but one is unconscious machinery,
and the other is conscious compassion.

When this distinction becomes clear, a profound insight emerges:

Thought-free action is not valuable because it is fast or automatic.
It is valuable when it arises from awareness —
for that action has the quality of the cosmos,
the fragrance of compassion.

*****

A Life Unfolded

This may be the last time these things are spoken or written,
for whatever had to be explored has been explored,
and whatever had to be said has been said.
What remains is only to be still together
and watch the arc of a human life—
not as "my life," but as a fragment of the movement
of the human mind across centuries.

A life begins in a small village,
among earth-bound people whose hands carried the soil
and whose hearts carried a nameless decency.
From them one learned a simple truth:
that goodness is quiet,
that honesty has no ornament,
that responsibility is a natural fragrance of living.

Learning came easily when the mind was unburdened—
mathematics, science, surgery—
as though clarity itself wished to express through the brain.
There was prayer too,
the ancient human cry for guidance, for protection,
a reaching out to something beyond the known.

But as the years unfolded,
as one held life in one's hands
and saw death move with unannounced inevitability,
a different light began to shine—
a light in which no ritual, no god, no authority
could still the mind's fear, its ambition, its endless seeking.

And slowly one saw,
as one sees the horizon after a long night,

that the quality of action arises wholly
from the quality of the mind that acts.
No blessing can replace that clarity.
No prayer can summon that compassion.
No tradition can open the door to direct perception.

There were journeys abroad, knowledge gained,
offers of prestige, comfort, status—
all shadows that pass without substance.
So, one returned,
and for twenty-five more quiet years
served in a well-equipped missionary hospital,
teaching young surgeons and gynaecologists guiding
without appearing,
helping without claiming,
as a tree gives shade without asking to be seen.

One travelled by bus, carried only what was needed.
Some called it simplicity, some eccentricity—
but when a mind sees clearly, it has no need to explain.
One never took more than one's salary,
for suffering cannot be priced;
even the sweets of gratitude were given to the staff
who bore the weight of daily healing.

As the teachings of Krishnamurti seeped inward,
prayer dropped away—not rejected,
but dissolving like mist in the morning sun.
For when the mind sees itself clearly—
its fears, its wounds, its inventions—
there is no one left to petition.
There is only the luminosity of understanding.

And in that light, compassion appears—not the softness of sentiment,

not the charity of self-importance,
but the compassion that flows naturally
when the “me” grows thin
and thought moves only where needed
and falls silent in the immensity beyond.

Now, as the body quiets with age,
there is no desire for more time.
Life has had its flowering;
death is part of the same movement.
Continuity is only another mask of fear.

So, one steps aside,
letting the young move into their own unfolding.
One watches, listens,
and sees the goodness in others—
in one’s wife, in one’s son,
in his strange and beautiful generosity
even when deceived.
There is a fragrance in such a mind
that no misfortune can extinguish.

What is all this then?
Not a biography,
not a confession,
not an attempt to shape an image.
It is simply the story of a mind
that began in tradition
and walked, slowly, uncertainly,
into freedom.

A mind that moved from prayer to perception,
from dependence to observation,
from belief to understanding,
from seeking guidance

to discovering the vast intelligence within.

And now the only question that remains—the question older than humanity—is this:

Can a human being live without the burden of the self?
Can there be a world where action does not arise from fear,
from comparison, from greed or ambition,
but from a clarity untouched by time
and a compassion that belongs to the whole of life?

Everything else—
the surgeries, the temples, the hospitals,
the books, the achievements, the recognitions—
are like dust on the surface of a nameless river.

What matters is only this:
Is the mind free?

For when the mind is free,
it touches a sacredness
that no belief can confer—
a stillness as vast as the night sky,
as timeless as the stars
from which this body was formed.

That is the last word.
There is nothing more to add.

For compassion cannot be cultivated;
it is touched only when the self falls silent—
even for a fraction of a second.

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About the Author

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Surgeon • Philosopher • Reflective Writer

Born in 1947, Dr. Potluru is a Consultant General and Abdominal Surgeon with nearly five decades of experience, including fifteen formative years in war-torn Kurdistan, Iran, and five years in Misrata, Libya. He later continued his service as a Senior Consultant Surgeon in Visakhapatnam until his retirement in 2022.

Deeply influenced by the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, his writings explore awareness, perception, compassion, and the ending of psychological conflict.

Books by Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

• The Timeless Awareness
• Echoes of Awareness — Series 1, 2, 3 & 4
• Living Under Fire
• Where the Self Ends, Life Begins
• Operating Under Fire
• The Ground That Breathes Through All
• Cross Roads of Awareness
• Spark to Wholeness
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THOUGHT

— The Poison in the Human Mind —

Thought has built cities, sciences, technologies.
In its functional field, it is precise and brilliant.
But the same thought becomes dangerous
when it enters the psychological world.

There it creates fear, desire, comparison, sorrow,
and above all, the illusion of a separate “me.”
This “me” — born of memory — divides human beings
and becomes the root of conflict,
both inwardly and outwardly.

This book explores:

- how thought builds the self
- how psychological thought creates suffering
- how the “me” carries conflict even to other planets
- how choiceless awareness ends illusion
- how compassion and intelligence emerge
  when thought knows its limits

This is not a theory,
but a direct enquiry into the movement of the mind.
When the false is seen clearly, it ends —
and in that ending, the mind becomes
quiet, compassionate, and free.